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# THE MIRROR

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NO. 48

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL  
REFLECTING  
THE INTERESTS  
OF THINKING PEOPLE**

**WILLIAM MARION REEDY**

**EDITOR & PROPRIETOR**

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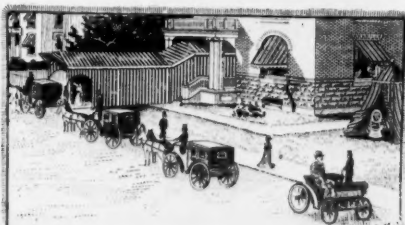
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### THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

THE next issue of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS—the one devoted to *Ginx's Baby* being now on sale—will consist of a disquisition upon "MACHIAVELLI," in the shape of a review of Mr. John Morley's lecture upon the great cynic politician, whose fame was so evil that his Christian name was bestowed upon the Devil, in the

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### REFLECTIONS.

#### A Workingman's View

EVERY St. Louisan should read the article "For Mayor of St. Louis," on page 5 of this issue. It was written for this paper, at the request of the editor, by a Workingman, who works at a trade. It is not, perhaps, elegantly phrased throughout, for it is printed just as written. It is at least clear and to the point. It gives the views, so far as those views can be obtained, of the people who will cast the greatest number of votes in the forthcoming city election. It should call a halt on the tendency in this city to take as evidence of public opinion the talk of the political bosses and their runners, the talk of the daily papers, inspired by certain interests that also manipulate the bosses, the talk of the cultured clubmen who think that reform is not possible unless with candidates that are rich or approved by the rich. It is true, of course, that Workingman, who writes for the MIRROR, writes with a certain class prejudice, but it cannot be denied that, leaving his prejudice aside, he makes a strong case against the men who are using the World's Fair movement to get their friends and the representatives of their own cliques into power and to hold advantage or secure advantages in franchises and taxation. It is a protest against the rule of the few and against star chamber proceedings of "public welfare" bodies. The MIRROR does not wholly agree with its Workingman contributor, but it does believe that a consideration of that contributor's point of view cannot fail to convince any reasonable person that the effort to collar and bit and bridle the reform movement and make it work for the benefit of the local trusts and political machines and social exclusives is against public policy. The MIRROR believes in giving the people a chance to say whom they would like to vote for. The MIRROR believes that the daily papers are "retained" to aid the special interests in preventing the reform sentiment from attaining effectiveness, and that the Public Welfare Commission is "packed" against the interests of the community at large. If St. Louis is to be reformed, it is not going to be reformed through the respectable tools of the franchise-grabbers and tax-dodgers and the boodle-politicians. No dark-lantern job will "go" with the people for whom Workingman writes. The Public Welfare Commission is too "dead swell." It is made up without any adequate representation of any element in the community except the rich element. And too many of the men on the Commission are "dummies," representing things that are always trying to get the better of public interest. The fact that the daily papers here are in it, does not help the case any. The daily papers here are a trust, and they stand in with the other monopolies. They are always used, in spite of their professions of hostility to corporations and boodle politicians, by just those same corporations and boodle politicians, when the latter need newspaper help. The newspapers organized the Public Welfare Movement, but their view of the "public" doesn't include more than one person not in Gould's *Blue Book*. They think, judging by their selection of members of the Commission, that the public welfare concerns nobody

but corporation lawyers and the citizen "prominent" because of his wealth, or because influences working in the dark push him forward. They looked only for commissioners who would be so busy they would let the insiders run things as they may please. The small merchant, the small taxpayer, the mechanic, is shut out. One representative of Labor is on the list. A heap he can do, against the imposing array of big guns about him and the fine talk of the fine lawyers who have it all cooked up to change things so the change will not hurt any of the professional, business, political or social swells. The Public Welfare Commission is anything but public. Its idea of welfare is the welfare of the few. And its sole object is to bulldoze the parties into nominating candidates acceptable to the selfish interests that control the men who called the Commission into being. Give the people a chance at reform. Let the masses choose candidates. Let the matter of raising money by taxes for public improvements be discussed. It cannot be discussed with the papers leagued to support only one idea, or set of ideas, of reform—and those ideas all conceived in the interest of the most corrupt business cabals, and formulated by corporation lawyers.

#### Protection for American Girls

OVER in England, a Member of Parliament, Mr. Cumming Macdona, has introduced a bill to protect British girls in marrying aliens, and discussion of the subject in the English press reveals a condition of affairs which should prompt Americans to look somewhat into the matter of the marriage of Americans girls to aliens from the European continent. It seems, according to that excellent paper, the *Liverpool Post*, the evil of deceived English girls is an old one and that repeated public warnings have, according to all accounts, done little good, because, a woman warned against her will remains, like one persuaded, of the same opinion still. If a lady makes up her mind to marry a foreigner, and she sees her way clear to getting through the wedding ceremony all right in England, quibbles about international law, the jurisdiction of law courts, and matrimonial peculiarities abroad, are not likely greatly to bother her head. Repeated warnings have been issued by the Foreign Office, and promulgated in the solemn, unimpassioned pages of the *London Gazette*, and yet we are told that over 1,000 English girls are deceived into false marriages with foreigners every year, while there are many other cases of which nothing is heard, where the girl's family are only too anxious to hush the affair up, or where she "goes under" altogether. Mr. Macdona proposes to end all this by inducing Parliament to enact that every foreigner desirous of marrying a girl in England, Scotland, or Ireland, shall be obliged to show the celebrating clergyman or registrar a statement from the Consul of his particular country to the effect that he has complied with all forms necessary to legalize the marriage in his country. In the absence of this certificate it is suggested that no marriage between a British girl and an alien should be recognized as legal. Mr. Macdona asserts that it is now hardly safe for any English woman to marry a foreigner. "A Frenchman arrives in London," says Mr. Macdona, "on some business or other, and takes rooms in a quiet, respectable house. The landlady has a pretty daughter, and the man proposes marriage. He says he thinks the English marriage ceremony is perfect; he much prefers it to the customs of his own country. So they get married in church, the girl's parents spend their money in giving their daughter a 'nice wedding' and she thinks that she is settling down for life, for all things seem done in an orderly English manner. Later on she goes to Paris with her 'husband.' Presently there are rows, and the man informs the girl that she is not his wife at all. He will marry a Parisian some day, and his parents will give their consent. No marriage in



his country is legal without the parents' consent, unless the bridegroom be over thirty-five years of age, or, being between thirty and thirty-five, takes certain legal steps to compel the consent of his parents." This condition of things may seem incredible; but it is unfortunately corroborated by the bitter experience of estimable young ladies who have married French, Swiss, German, or Italian sweethearts. And in no case, says the *Liverpool Post*, should girls listen to the wooings of Asiatics, no matter how seemingly polished, for they are likely to discover, when too late, that they have gone through an English ceremony, meaning nothing to their husbands, and have been made merely additions to the harems of those husbands. One wonders whether some such danger, as Mr. Macdona points out to English girls, may not lurk in the growth of international marriages in the United States, as our cities become more cosmopolitan. The international marriages with foreign noblemen are all right, of course, but there should be some protection for girls, who may not be nationally-noted heiresses, in marrying foreigners not of distinction, of whom there are a greater number than ever before coming to this country at the present time. American girls may be smarter than English girls, but no girl, or man either, for that matter, is truly smart when in love, and it may very well be that the law which Mr. Macdona asks for England is needed here. It will not do to wait until a number of American girls have been deceived before passing such a law. It would be well to enact the statute before the adventurous foreigner begins to number his victims here as generously as he evidently does in Great Britain. Protect the American girl. She's the best thing we've got. The heiresses who marry noblemen have able lawyers to look out for their protection, but the ordinary American girl never thinks of an attorney as a feature of a marriage arrangement, and it would be well for the Government to do some thinking for her in such a matter. The danger is very real, even though we hear of few cases such as described in the English papers. If we have the right kind of a law we shall hear of no such cases, and that is what is most devoutly to be wished.

#### The Firearms Habit

It is time to put a stop to the nuisance and the danger of firearms in the city. And the people who could do most to put a stop to the evil are the parents of children. The papers have been full, particularly in Southern cities, of the reports of accidents to persons, juvenile and adult, growing out of the use of deadly weapons in celebrating the nativity of the Prince of Peace. People should ask themselves what gunpowder has to do with Christmas, and the absence of any rational answer should convince them of the folly of giving boys such Christmas gifts as guns and pistols. The innocence of such toys is purely imaginary. Any man who knows real firearms, and is expert in their use holds the "harmless" weapons in the same doubtful regard that he does the "unloaded" pistol or gun, the effectiveness of which, as a murderous weapon, is well-known. That young lads should be early trained to the use of the rifle or the fowling-piece is reasonable enough, in the country, but in the city there is no place for such training. It may be advisable to train boys early to the use of weapons on the theory that such use may, in case of emergency, make them better soldiers of the Nation. On the other hand, the familiarity with the small and more dangerous toy firearms is productive of bad results, even leaving out of consideration the accidents from this source which are of daily occurrence. As the small-caliber revolver grows in fashion, the young American relies less on "the noble art of self-defence" with his fists. In the good old days the boyish disputes that were settled in this fashion did little or no harm and after such chivalrous encounters the opponents became better friends. To-day the phase is passing and the boy thinks of his revolver as a means of securing protection or of revenge. It is becoming entirely too common to read of the killings that are being perpetrated by boys. The police, even, are frightened by the prevalence of the small pistol in the small boy's pocket. The boy shooter is frequent in every neighborhood. The

toy-pistol boy becomes the revolver-carrying man and the revolver-carrying man is a danger to the community that cannot be overestimated. In ninety homicide cases out of a hundred it is the fact that the loaded revolver is in the hip pocket that makes the man in a quarrel a murderer, just as "opportunity makes the thief." Left to the good, old-fashioned "fisticuffs" settlement there would be fifty per cent fewer murders resulting from trifling disputes. In these days, when the government is seeking objects for taxation, the revolver, of all sorts and conditions, should be taxed as heavily as the industry could be made to bear and the result would be fewer murders and fewer accidents. The indiscriminate sale of firearms should be checked. There should be a penalty for the sale of firearms to persons under, at least, sixteen years, and the use of such things should be rigorously punished as misdemeanor under the ordinances. The toy pistol, that is no toy, is cultivating a race of desperadoes for the future. The State can do something to prevent this, but the individual can do more, and, therefore, parents should exercise their authority to keep their sons from contracting a habit that may land them in the penitentiary or on the gallows.

#### The Rise in Silver

THERE is a serious financial crisis in Mexico, owing to a curtailment of currency media. The Mexican silver dollar is now in great demand and being shipped to New York, London and elsewhere, whence it is exported to India and China. The sudden appreciation of silver has taken every financier by surprise. While there has been a little reaction in the past two weeks, owing to the completion of an order given by the French government, British financial authorities are strongly inclined to the view that a further advance in value may be expected. There is a steadily growing inquiry for silver from India, where commercial activity is showing perceptible improvement, which, of course, necessitates a larger supply of rupees. Both the Banks of Bengal and Bombay have lately advanced their rates of discount, and their cash balances are significantly small. Considerable amounts of gold have been shipped from London to India, but the people of the Indian Empire are fond of silver and will always prefer this metal to gold. It is predicted that there will be heavy exports of silver from London between now and March 1st next, as the Indian government will be forced to buy sufficient of the white metal to coin nearly four crores of rupees. The total purchases are estimated at 15,000,000 ounces. Burma is said to be in a particularly sore pinch, as its rice crop has been large and rupees are required to move the staple. With a restoration of peace in China, there will be a still greater demand for silver. The ounce of silver sold at 25d in London in 1898, which was the lowest price it ever touched; some days ago, it sold at 29 11-16d. The Mexican silver dollar, which is the currency medium most in use in the Oriental countries bordering on or lying within the Pacific Ocean, ever since the days when Spanish galleons were plying between the Pacific ports of Mexico and the Philippine Islands and China, has risen about four cents. The demand for it has become so urgent that the Mexican government will soon find itself constrained to restrict its shipment abroad, in order to prevent an upheaval in general business. The highest price touched by silver, since 1833, was in 1859, when the ounce sold at 62 3/4d in London.

#### Single Term for President

MR. MARCUS ALONZO HANNA is in favor of a six-year term for our President, and believes he should be eligible to but one term. This will, probably, settle it. Anything Mr. Hanna favors will succeed under present conditions. He is the modern Jove, the invincible compeller. Notwithstanding Mr. Hanna's support of the idea there are many good people who will approve it. The elections come too close together in this country. Life is getting to be a perpetual campaign. The campaign that closed last November is not forgotten before the wires are being laid for the one that will culminate in 1904. The legislatures

are all at work with a view to party interests. The playing of politics never lets up. The interests of the people at large get one minute's consideration in legislation where party interests and the interests of party-contributors are discussed for hours and days and weeks. Anything that will relieve this nation of its burden of too much politics is a good thing, and the handiest means of unloading the burden from both public and private business is the adoption of a scheme that will keep the Presidential elections further apart. Making a President ineligible to re-election would stiffen his back-bone and remove all temptation to appoint men to office for what they can do for the party rather than for the people. Mr. Grover Cleveland is also in favor of the idea—and that suggests that one of the troubles with Presidents of this country is that they do not favor the single term with ineligibility to self-succession until they have no chance for more terms and their ineligibility is so patent as to need no enactment to assure it.

#### The Talk of M. Tesla

NIKOLA TESLA is the Ignatius Donnelly of physics. He is always discovering things that never result in anything. He has great fame as an electrician, but he has not produced anything in electric appliance that has been useful to the people. He has not, so far as appears at first glance, discovered any new law of electricity or any way of making his observations valuable. He is more concerned with communication between the planets than with making electricity more useful to people on this earth. His writings and interviews make good imaginative reading, but they are never developed into anything more tangible than fancies. He talks more than he does. He may be the victim of journalism, but he ought to have been cured of his talking habit long ago. His writings are all in the air and the practical electrician has never been able to find in them anything that would enable him better to handle and direct the mysterious fluid. At best, Tesla appears to have found out a few interesting tricks that can be played with electricity. The more one reads of him the more suspicious becomes his scientific reputation. It suggests Madame Blavatsky and Keeley, the famous motor charlatan. Edison, himself, often talks too much about his fancies and in the strain of Paracelsus or the Rosicrucians, but Edison has practical results to show for his investigations. Tesla has none. He now thinks he has felt electric vibrations from Mars and that he can send back vibrations and thus establish communication with that planet. This is not new. It is as certain as anything can be that there are vibrations between the planets, that the planets are all interrelated by force of which electricity is one manifestation, as gravitation is another. It is true that if there are people on Mars and they have intelligence we might send them pronounced vibrations so timed and arranged as to imply a set purpose to attract their attention, but there is grave doubt that Mars is inhabited and if there are inhabitants there we are as likely to communicate with them by telepathy as by telegraphy, in the near future. The Tesla talk is all very pretty, but it doesn't produce results. He says things can be done, but other people do them, like Marconi. Tesla has been working for years, but the net result of his work is a lot of maginings, while Edison and Marconi and Roentgen and Bell have given us things that we can handle to the furtherance of our comfort and convenience in life on this planet. Tesla had better quit business as a scientist and set himself up as a poet. He stands to electrical science as Edward Bellamy did to economics and literature, as Donnelly did to Shakespearean illumination and as Blavatsky and her crew did to the science of genuine psychology.

#### The West Point Code of Honor

RECENT comments in this paper upon the results of the inquiry into the death of young Booz, formerly a cadet at West Point, have brought to the editor many protests against his conclusions. He is reproached for reflecting upon the code of honor at the academy. The MIRROR can only say that the facts seem to show that many students examined made fine distinctions as to what they considered hazing. It



appears that every cadet at the Academy was hazed, except the one whose death is alleged to have resulted from hazing. This is in itself conclusive that the testimony of the cadets as to that particular cadet's experiences at the academy has been marked by a remarkable quantity of mental reservation. The MIRROR does not intend sweepingly to asperse the truthfulness of the cadets, but the MIRROR believes that the cadets seem to be bound by a sense of honor among themselves superior to any sense of obligation to declare the exact facts relative to the treatment of the unfortunate Booz. It is the sacrosanctity of the army over again, as we saw it illustrated in the military solidarity manifested in France against Dreyfus. Stand by the service. If there's anything wrong in the service, the plebs outside have no right to interfere. The military code is not to be changed. The outsider is not to know anything of what goes on in the inner circles of the military organization. Devotion to the traditions and customs of the military is superior to regard for the effort to ascertain truth as to the things that are done by the men of the army cult. A code of honor keeps the cadets from recognizing the code outside of their circle. The *Army and Navy Journal* is sent to this office, by a relative of a cadet at the academy, with a paragraph from the *New York Times*, duly marked, as indicating the best and last word on the general subject of the Booz investigation. The *Army and Navy Journal* approves of the *Times* paragraph, which says:

"A careful reading of the testimony given by the West Point cadets as to the treatment young Booz received from them is calculated to remove any doubts, which the first accounts of the boy's experience may have inspired, as to the standards of conduct taught and enforced in the Military Academy. The boys are evidently telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. They have confessed to some roughness and a good deal of more or less—chiefly less—amusing folly, together with not a few willful and reprehensible violations of the laws under which they live, but there is nothing in their evidence that hints at all strongly at the existence among them of anything approaching serious brutality in spirit or conduct. Whatever of reality there was in the widely advertised sufferings of young Booz seems to have been the inevitable result of a grave mistake on the part of himself and his friends, as to his fitness for a military career. His companions had no reason for showing him special consideration, or for thinking that the severities from which they had themselves felt no ill effects in mind or body would be regarded by him as ruthless and wicked persecution. With all due sympathy for his sorrowing parents, the general public can await the result of the investigation with equanimity, in perfect confidence that, for any real wrongs that have been done, adequate justice will be allotted, and equally sure that West Point is now, what it always has been, one of the most admirable of our national institutions, a training school for patriots, for heroes, and for gentlemen."

All of which means, simply, that an army paper cordially endorses anything that says that everything at the great army school is all right. The boys have told the truth as they desired to tell it. They didn't think they maltreated Booz. They didn't remember that they dosed him with tobasco sauce. They admitted roughness to the cadets that never complained, but none of them knew anything of roughness to the one youth that did complain. It is remarkable that this should be the case. Why should the cadet who was so exceptional as to die from ill-treatment be the one exception to the good memories of the cadets as to the rough treatment of others? Booz was hazed. Nobody knows how, yet the cadets know how every other cadet but Booz was hazed. It is clear that we have here proof of suppression, of reservation, of tergiversation in testimony, and that all these things come under the head of untruthfulness, though they are all in accord with military masonry. Of course the other boys didn't desire to kill young Booz. They put him through the paces, and he couldn't stand them—that was all. But why is not the fact openly admitted, why is direct acknowledgement of the Booz hazing dodged, while the same treatment of other youngsters is admitted? The cadets tell the truth about cases not under investigation. They stand, a solid phalanx of lapsed memory and ignorance, as to the case being investigated, solely because the military idea is, that the military, in embryo, or fully developed, is entitled to make its laws for itself, and to shoulder out the civilian inquisitor into its affairs. It is true that young Booz was not cut out for a soldier, and that he

was not a very "boy" boy. It is true that, at the worst, his treatment was not so bad, in the opinion of any one who has ever been a boy with boys at any college or academy. It is true that he wasn't the sort to "stand the gaff," and that, being unable to "stand the gaff," he never would have made a good officer of the army. It is true that hazing is a sort of process of elimination of the unfit that has been in use among college youths, in all countries, for hundreds of years, and that as Booz left the academy for the causes alleged, it was for the best that he should leave. But it is also true that the militarist code of honor that resents any inquiry by a system of testifying that enables the suggestion of falsity by the adherence to a technical veracity is a dishonorable code of honor. Dodging the truth is not the way to make patriots, heroes and gentlemen. Cultivating scientific evasion of truth telling and perjury at the same time, will make Merciers and Paty du Clams, and Esterhazys. The boys at West Point are not untruthful or dishonorable. They feel that they are following a rule of the highest honor. They are simply the victims of a military superstition of unamenability to the civil authorities in anything pertaining to the relations between military men.

## Wanamaker and Quay

MR. QUAY goes back to the Senate, and the plum tree will be shaken some more. Pennsylvania is a pocket-borough and a rotten-borough, but one wonders if it would be so if the movement against Quay had been out of the control of the pious John Wanamaker and not inextricably tied up with the Prohibitionist idea. Quay is pretty bitter medicine to be taken by the friends of good government, but government by Wanamaker and the hydrotherapists of morals might easily be worse even than the dominance of Quay and his avaricious machine. A great many people in Pennsylvania and other States are, rightly or wrongly, convinced that Wanamaker and Quay are creatures and results of the same social system. Wanamaker's piety and his wealth make people wonder how much of the piety is due to his satisfaction with the wealth he has made out of the conditions fostered by Republican policies of centralization and favoritism. Many thousands of people would rather be misrepresented by Mr. Quay than have a lot of sour-visaged folk dictating what they should eat or drink or fixing the sort of Christianity they should practice and profess. Wanamaker's millions have been made by a system that enabled him to crush out rivals just as Quay crushes his rivals in politics. Quay shakes the plum tree in Wall Street from his position in the Senate of the United States. Wanamaker has a reputation for piety and purity because he is an advertiser and the newspapers flatter him in order to get and hold his business. He once gave \$250,000 to a campaign fund to purchase voters "in blocks of five," and thus shook the portfolio of Postmaster-General into his lap. Wanamaker is as big and merciless a business boss as Quay is a political boss. Quay makes no pretensions to virtue. Wanamaker's virtue is only the smug hypocrisy of commercial success and, furthermore, he is ungrateful in that he turns upon Quay who had not a little to do with elevating the storekeeper into national prominence. Wanamaker has done a great deal to disseminate cheap things and inartistic things among the people and in that way made his money. Now he is invading literature with his bargain-counter ideas and is destined to go even further in debauching popular taste. In short, one is not quite sure that the Wanamakers of our society, notwithstanding their self-proclaimed virtue, are not responsible for our Quays, whether the business idea in politics, the bargain-counter handling of men like so much material, is not responsible for the corruption of politics.

## Mrs. Lease's Renunciation

MRS. LEASE has withdrawn her suit for divorce from Mr. Lease, agreeing to abandon politics. The woman politician was influenced to do this by the children of the marriage. The incident is one that will gratify the public. It is pleasant to think that the lady orator, after neglecting her family to save the country, has at last awakened to an appreciation of the fact that the best way to save the coun-

try is to save the family first. Mrs. Lease is more admirable in her renunciation than she ever was in her specialty of denunciation. And we all hope, as we all believe, that she and her husband and the children will live all the happier ever after, because of the wife and mother's return to the duties of wifehood and motherhood, which are of infinitely more importance to the world than any amount of feminine spell-binding.

## Black Men and Brown

NO wonder the Administration is disturbed by ex-President Harrison's attitude towards imperialism. His article in the *North American Review* is the best utterance yet made in support of the doctrine that the Constitution follows the Flag. The manner in which he ridicules the theory that the Filipinos should trust to the American people's love of liberty, is most exquisite. His distinction between benevolence and recognition of right is clearly drawn, and his reasoning on the proposition that the Constitution does not extend to the territories, of its own force, is apparently flawless in the conclusion that if the contention be true, laws might be enacted by Congress for the territories that would violate every principle of the Constitution, from suspending the *habeas corpus* to establishing a State religion. The ex-President makes a splendid reply to the commercialists, who think, for instance, that the needs of the beet sugar interest are more important in regulating our treatment of the Porto Ricans than the principles of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. He shows the absurdity of trying to give the Filipinos our idea of liberty when they want their own. He does all this with a gracefully satirical good humor that is well calculated to make all argument against him appear to be mere pettifoggery. The main defect of the ex-President's article, however, is that it is limited to criticism. It doesn't plainly suggest what shall be done with the Filipinos. He seems to admit that we cannot make them citizens, and he points out that we can not, consistently, make them subjects. He does not advise the country to let the islands go. The power of his paper lies chiefly in showing the country what a bad mess it is in, but it doesn't hint at a clear way out. If the new possessions are to be governed as territories, and if Congress can ignore the Constitution in that government, there is no positive, absolute bar to tyranny. If some of the Constitution applies to territories, while other parts do not apply, the result is confusion, and, eventually, nullification of the Constitution, and this nullification as to the territories must react upon the States. The MIRROR believes that the doctrine that the Constitution follows the Flag is true American doctrine, even while recognizing the preponderance of Supreme Court opinion, outside of *obiter dicta*, to the contrary. And yet it is certain that the millions in the Philippines and Porto Rico and Hawaii are not fit to be citizens. It seems clear that as regards the millions we must rule them, if at all, by no higher right than we rule the native American Indians. It seems clear that if the Supreme Court holds it right for States to restrict the suffrage, as the States of the South are doing in the case of the negro, the Government can govern, with the same restrictions, in the newly acquired islands. If in the States we can deny full citizenship to black men by tricks and quibbles, in the colonies we can devise still further restrictions upon the little brown men. If the Constitution follows the Flag in Luzon, why not in Mississippi and Carolina. The Supreme Court of the United States tolerates the disfranchisement of blacks in the South, and it is safe to assume that it will look leniently upon treatment of the Filipinos and Porto Ricans along the same lines. A dominant section in a great party of opposition favors the subjection of a class of people that are black. If blacks may be subjects, and not citizens, it is easy to extend the discrimination even to certain classes of whites, no matter what their intelligence or morality, to say nothing of Malays and Asians and Eurasians in the Far East. The Democracy stands up against reducing Southern representation in Congress on account of the decrease in the Southern vote due to disfranchisement. That Democracy cannot consistently rave against the subjection of the Filipinos. And the Republican party dare not protest against making sub-



jects in the South when its policy of benevolence would make subjects in the East. The Constitution is being squeezed between political sectional necessities. There are no such things as "inalienable rights" when the interests of trade in the North, or class-feeling in the South, are opposed to such rights. If we would make the brown man free we must make our own black man free. If we do neither, the time will surely come when a few superior persons will disfranchise white men for their lack of property, for their religious or political fads, or for the color of their hair and eyes. The North and the South are at one in this trend away from true Democracy and true Republicanism. And the supreme tribunal of the land supports the trend of distinguishing between man and man in the matter of inalienable right. Mr. Harrison's article is protest against all this. The Democracy supports Mr. Harrison, but it still denies that the Filipinos are fit for admission to citizenship. The Democrats howl for liberty and deny it in the same breath. Is the Declaration of Independence effete? It would seem so. Both parties are agreed that all men are not created free and equal. Even Mr. Harrison's exceedingly able article admits it by implication, thereby, in a measure, justifying that against which he protests so brilliantly. It seems as if the Empire is here, and that we shall have to accept it as good and right, because "the presumption is in favor of the established fact."



#### Let Others Hail the Rising Sun

THE valiant *Republic* is putting the knife into Governor Stephens, editorially, now that Governor Stephens is going out of office and has no power to do anything for the *Republic*. The paper beslobbered Mr. Stephens most slavishly with its support and indorsement so long as Mr. Stephens was dominant in the party. It turns upon him, and that sneakingly, when it can no longer use him. Mr. Stephens may be a sinking ship, but the *Republic* is a rat. It is contemptible to desert one when his fortunes seem on the wane, after smothering him with sycophancy when he was strong. The *Republic* stands in with whoever or whatever is on top, or has anything on tap, and its principles are exactly like those of the fellows who have been for four years feeding from Mr. Stephens' hand and are now ready to furnish filth to throw at him, in the hope of obtaining the favor of Mr. Dockery. Mr. Stephens has faults enough, but he suffered more by faults of others than his own. Many things he did for his party that the leaders of his party secretly besmirched him for doing, when done at their suggestion and solicitation. Many things that he did for his "friends," those "friends" used against him. He was betrayed shamefully by men he trusted, and vilified by men in whom he reposed confidence. He was feared by those who thought he might gain credit for an administration that would make him a candidate for the Senate. He was denied the credit of his own abilities, and yet, in no struggle in his party against the powerful State Democratic cabal, was he ever wholly worsted. His ability as a politician has never been in doubt. As a Governor his errors were the errors of his party. He tried to be too good a party man, and, to prevent his getting credit for devotion to the party, he was accused of setting up a personal machine. Mr. Stephens was, and is, in every respect in which he can be judged, as good as the men in his party that furnished the ammunition against him, to the opposition. He is as good a man to-day, with the *Republic* against him, as he was when the *Republic* had wind-colic each time he ate beans. Mr. Stephens' administration has been discredited, not so much, to tell the truth, because it was bad, but because it was the object of men in his own party, who feared him, to make it appear bad. He has been the best betrayed man who ever occupied the Governorship and one of the main, present purposes of the friends of his successor is to blacken Mr. Stephens that the successor may appear the brighter. It is all very well to hail the rising sun, as the *Republic* does, but here's, from the MIRROR, a belated word of deserved grace and recognition to him whose race is done.

Uncle Fuller.

## GREATEST BOOKS OF 19th CENTURY.

A MIGHTY SMALL LIST AFTER ALL.

A NUMBER of writers, including, among others, Mr. James Bryce and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, contributed articles to a recent issue of the *New York Outlook* in which they gave their opinions on "the greatest books of the century." It is a vast task, and practically an impossible one, surely to name the greatest books of the century, if for no other reason than that the verdict of to-day may be set aside to-morrow. The splendid reputations of twenty or fifty years ago that are now unknown should bid anyone pause before selecting the writers that will live. The men who caught the passing hour have not always caught at the same time the spirit of the world of all time. The greatest books of the Nineteenth Century will be determined at a further remove from the day of their production than now.

The *London Spectator*, in a review of the *Outlook's* interesting "symposium," comments instructively upon the views of the symposiasts, arguing with Mr. Bryce that the last century does not compare with the preceding one as a century of great and powerful single works, thus, by the way, supporting Mr. Balfour's recent glorification of the intellectual greatness of the Eighteenth Century. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Rousseau's "Contrat Social," Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois," Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Kant's "Kritik," Hume's "Essay"—each, says the *Spectator*, is a luminous page in the history of the human mind: men will be reading each, we may safely predict, when the close of the next century comes almost as eagerly as now. Even some of the lesser works of the eighteenth century, such as Voltaire's "Candide," Lessing's "Nathan," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," are sure to last; they have that easily brilliant style and those lucid ideas which characterize that wise and serene century. But has the Nineteenth Century any corresponding works to show? Did it have the leisure to be wise? Did the Nineteenth Century in its literature realize, with Shakespeare, that "ripeness is all?"

It is significant that both Mr. Bryce and the other writers, while differing in many respects, agree in placing Darwin's "Origin of Species" among the great books of the century. They could not, it is true, have done otherwise, but the inclusion by all of this great work indicates the real task of the century. It is in science, not in art or poetry, or pure literature, or even in philosophy, that the true soul of the century has expressed itself. No critic will certainly ignore the poetry of a century that has heard the lyre of Goethe, Wordsworth, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Victor Hugo, Beranger, De Musset, Tennyson, Browning,—to name but some of the lords of song. But we feel that none of these quite strikes the peculiar note of the century as does Darwin. The revolution which the author of the "Origin of Species" made is fundamental and permanent; the new ideas of the process of Nature which he has given to the world will go "spinning down the grooves of change" when men are no longer found reading "Les Chatiments" or the "Idylls of the King." The Nineteenth Century was above all a century of science, and Darwin is its supreme exponent. Think of the revolution wrought in our thoughts about Nature since Priestley emigrated to Pennsylvania and Lavoisier perished on the guillotine. Think of the work done in geology by Lyell, in chemistry by Liebig and Pasteur, in physics by Helmholtz, in mathematics by Cayley, in physiology by Huxley, in our more ultimate conceptions of the universe by Grove and Clerk Maxwell. All that will be, in the long run, counted to the Nineteenth Century as its supreme achievement; and the one work which will be most representative, most powerful, most convincing in method and general result, will, we may be sure of it, be Darwin's "Origin of Species."

When we leave, Darwin, however, we are at sea. Shall we place philosophy next? Mr. Bryce does; he gives the second place to Hegel's "Philosophy of History." Other writers agree as regards Hegel, but they differ as to the particular work. Dr. Hadley, of Yale University, prefers the "Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences," Dr. Fairbairn the "Logic," as also does Professor Stanley Hall, while Dr. Tucker, of Dartmouth College, votes for the "Philosophy of Religion." It seems to us that, as the basis for a new method which, agree with it or not as we may, has permanently affected thought, Dr. Fairbairn and Professor Hall are right, and that the "Logic" will outlive the more derivative "Philosophies" of History and Religion.

In any case, we must include Hegel among the revolutionary forces of the century. We should here follow Dr. Hadley and put in a word for Schopenhauer. England and America are not the world; and in Germany and Russia "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" has unquestionably exerted immense influence. Mr. Bryce questions, on this very ground, the right to include either Carlyle, Emerson, or Ruskin; neither has been sufficiently read in non-English countries. But then we might find it hard with him to include Wordsworth. We agree as regards Ruskin; but surely the famous address to Carlyle on his eightieth birthday, as well as Goethe's famous praise and M. Taine's strong criticism, may be held to prove that "Sartor Resartus," at least, is one of the great books of the century. In a lesser degree we should be inclined to say the same of Emerson's "Essays," hailed by Matthew Arnold as a "voice oracular," and acclaimed alike in France and Germany. No English critic would consent to omit the "Lyrical Ballads" and the "Excursion" as tending more than any English poetry since Milton to deepen and enoble life, and with that verdict perhaps so eminent a French critic as M. Scherer would agree.

Mr. Bryce and one or two other writers see that, next to physical science, new criticism of life in the realms of history and sociology has most affected thought during the century. Instantly two great works suggest themselves, which, while open to much criticism, have exerted much influence on mankind and may be called monumental—Tocqueville's "Démocratie en Amérique" and Niebuhr's "Romische Geschichte," the latter of which is included by Dr. Fairbairn. Say what we will of Niebuhr, he was, more than any other, the father of the critical movement which has reconstructed history. Mr. Bryce adds Malthus and Marx to his list, though the former, as a matter of fact, published his work at the close of the last century. It would be hard to challenge either verdict, so far as actual living influence goes, though we may well doubt whether the results of either writer will stand. Dislike it as we may, we must agree with several of the symposiasts that Renan's "Vie de Jésus" was a work that so marked a new epoch in the criticism of the Gospels that we cannot ignore it in any such list.

Great and many-sided as Scott was, there is no one work of his which we can class as having produced a permanent effect, except on the general comprehension of Scotland. We regard Hawthorne's novels as standing artistically foremost in English-speaking work, but as too slight to produce the overwhelming effect of Balzac, who is, probably, the novelist of the century. We hold that Browning will endure in English poetry, but it is undeniable that he is not read abroad. Victor Hugo is a great and wonderful creator, but can we claim supreme power and vital influence for any one of his works? It is strange, but true, that a woman of far inferior intellectual calibre to any of these was first in effecting one of the greatest changes of the century—Mrs. Stowe, the continued sale of whose remarkable work, spite of the problem to which it refers having long passed from sight, reveals a great and permanent power. But it is impossible to leave from our estimate those two great figures, Keats and Byron, the latter of whom all Continental critics would include. We must make our selections, of course, but the "Ode to the Grecian Urn," the "Autumn," and the "Hebrew Melodies" have a chance of immortality only less than the very greatest scientific and philosophical works of a century specially dedicated to the problems of Nature and the mind.



#### A BOOK WITH A MESSAGE.

"PLAIN TALK IN PSALM AND PARABLE."

A MARKED defect of nearly all our present-day verse is the undue attention paid to style, at the expense of the ideas sought to be expressed. As a result we find many minor poets telling prettily, in faultless rhyme, of singing birds, purling streams, and the beauty of fair maids, but few strong souls speaking to the world through the medium of that poetry which embodies something of the hopes, the aspirations and the ideals of the time. Whether this is due to the spirit of superficial cynicism, which is the pose affected by so many modern writers, or to a real lack of deep and sincere feeling, it is certain that the high note of the true poet is rarely to be found in the innumerable volumes of verse sent out each year by our enterprising publishers.

Yet at no time in history, and in no country in the world,



has the need for great poetry been more evident than here and now. Nor have the occasions for the inspiration of poets of the highest order ever been more apparent. The gravest problems that have ever confronted a people are thrusting themselves forward, demanding a solution under penalty of national destruction. The old gods and religions are dead or dying; the old ideals fast giving way to a creed of which the chief article is the worship of material success; and the belief in a state of society based on the abstract doctrine of the common brotherhood of all mankind, is being replaced by a literal interpretation of the gospel of the survival of the fittest, to a world ruled by the inexorable law of the weak trodden down by the strong.

There, it would seem, is room for the true poet, as an interpreter of the doubts, the fears and faiths of the opening century. And it is here, if at all, that we shall find poetry which gives to a people, ever eager to hear the truths that are eternal, the messages conveyed by the great singers of all time. Such a message is found in a recent book of verse,—"Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable"—published by Small, Maynard & Co. Judged by ordinary standards, little of this book could be classed as poetry, for it is, in the main, formless and unrhymed, but in the truest sense of the word it is poetry of a high order.

The author, Ernest Howard Crosby, of New York, is not, in the common term, a "literary man." He is more—a man of wide experience in the practical affairs of the world, as lawyer, legislator and judge, who, after years of close study of the social systems, literatures, religions and civilizations of his own and other countries, gives, in this volume, an indictment of the wrongs, follies and shams of the age, and holds up high spiritual and moral ideals to those striving for a more harmonious social order.

Mr. Crosby is a disciple of Count Leo Tolstoy, and his "psalms" and "parables" are mainly devoted to the exposition of the central truth taught by the great Russian moralist, that the true law of life is not found in the brute struggle for existence, but in sympathy, kindness and love. It is true that this is merely eighteen-hundred-year-old Christianity, but Mr. Crosby's service is none the less valuable in his showing how far the nominal Christians of these times have departed from the doctrines in which they profess to believe.

It may be, as Macaulay hinted in his essay on Milton, the age of great poetry is gone. But it is at least certain that in the vigor and freshness of treatment, and the dignity and importance of his themes, the author of "Plain Talk" has done something toward making modern poetry worthy of its former influence in the intellectual and spiritual development of mankind.

Whidden Graham.

### "THE PURCHASE" IN HISTORY.

ITS FUNDAMENTAL IDEA AS BLAND REPRESENTED IT.

BY W. V. BYARS.

THE Louisiana Purchase changed the history of the United States from the moment the treaty with France was signed, and during the whole of the Nineteenth Century this change manifested itself progressively and more strikingly with every decade that passed. The influence of the States of the Purchase showed in the three greatest political events of the Century in America:

(1) The Admission of Missouri and "the Missouri Compromise" followed by the opening of the fight on slavery, the election of Andrew Jackson and the Mexican War.

(2) The Struggle over Kansas and Nebraska, territories carved out of "The Purchase"—a struggle which was followed by the Civil War.

(3) The admission of the New Louisiana Purchase States of the Northwest, which was followed by the great political revolution of the last decade of the Nineteenth Century, and by the Spanish War and the "Expansion" movement.

The governing political idea of the Louisiana purchase during the whole of the Nineteenth Century was necessarily that of such "Physiocrats" as Turgot and Jefferson—the idea that the interest of the direct producer is primary in political economy, and that prosperity for all other interests depends on developing it.

I undertook to write "An American Commoner, the Life and Times of Richard Parks Bland: A Study of the Last Quarter of the Nineteenth Century," because better than any other man in the politics of the last quarter of the Century he represented this, idea; and over and above, this be-

cause he represented to me the supreme value of manliness and goodness—of virtue. I wished to trace, as far as I could, the far-reaching influence exerted by a virtuous man, animated by a great idea evolved from the economic, social and political necessities of a part of the Earth's surface as vast and productive as that of the Louisiana Purchase. To understand first the influence of the TransMississippi West on the world, and then to understand the influence of a steady, earnest and manful soul on his generation—a man of virtue and of real and true genius as he was, vivified and energized by the great idea which glorified Benton when pointing to the Pacific he said: "There is the East—there is India!"—this seemed to me an object worth any man's best effort.

In the politics of the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, I knew of one man fit to be classed with Mr. Bland as a type of the high value of moral force. He was by heredity and environment an aristocrat and an advocate of the single gold standard, as Mr. Bland was a Democrat and Bimetallist. But both in Thomas F. Bayard, to whom I refer, and in Bland there was that which is the supreme need of this country—the moral force which can come only of a steadfast and simple manliness.

I have admired the intellectual brilliancy of many men, but intellectual force, which is not truly a manifestation of the realities of moral force, becomes, in its logical extreme, insanity and, generally, criminal insanity. Of this mortal disease, of great intellectual force divorced from moral, the country is now in more danger than from anything else whatever.

The States of the Louisiana Purchase represent the vast evolutionary forces of nature and of civilization. That these forces can be repressed or permanently perverted is impossible. Issues may come and issues may go, but they work on forever. And with them,—with free trade and free coinage, or without either—will be worked out the life purposes which inspired that representative of the vital forces of the "Great West" whose genius and whose virtue fitted him for our highest title of nobility—that of "An American Commoner."

### SONNETS TO A WIFE.

LVIII.—HERO-WORSHIP.

TO every man some doting woman lends  
A halo of enchantment; in her eyes  
He is most noble, loving, brave and wise;  
This worship like to incense pure ascends  
And with her dreams in painted glamour blends  
Like rainbow melting in the western skies;  
His lightest word is something dear to prize  
His chance caress, for sorrow full amends.

Oh! mystery, that women cannot see  
Her own superiority to man,  
Which soars on high, like eagle's wing above;  
Just as it was, has been—will ever be—  
Because ordained by God's primeval plan;  
Her greater faith, fidelity and love.

LIX.—WAITING.

To picture you when far apart from me;  
To guess how you might occupy the day;  
Whether the moments slowly glide away  
And if the hours or swift or tedious be;  
And never from this patient vigil free,  
But like a statue in the sculptor's clay  
Musing and brooding; or, as Moslems pray,  
Stretching my hands, through silence, out to thee.

There is so little time, Love, after all,  
To walk together; such a little while  
Before our lives will melt, as in a breath;  
How soon, Alas! the leaves of April fall!  
How much I miss the joyance of your smile,  
And waiting seems the bitterness of death.

LX.—DREAMS.

Not always have we wisely sowed the seed  
Of thoughts prosaic, as to wisely reap

The less impassioned memories that keep  
Our lives more commonplace in word and deed;  
For Fancy sometimes blows upon her reed  
And Romance dimly rises, half-asleep,  
While over heart and brain and spirit sweep  
Faint chords, like wings from mystic cages freed.

Either a song of gladness or of tears  
In sunshine rippling, or on shadow cast.  
Thus to our ears this mocking music seems;  
Something to listen for through flying years  
Rapt echoes of the future or the past,  
The respite and the recompense of dreams.

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### FOR MAYOR OF ST. LOUIS.

A LOCAL POLITICAL STUDY BY A WORKINGMAN.

THERE has been a great deal of talk about candidates for World's Fair Mayor lately. The talk has been mostly among a lot of men the people generally has very little use for. The politicians have talked it up. The reformers have had a lot to say. But nothing that I have seen seems to come from the people. I read of secret meetings at Mr. James Campbell's house, or at Mr. Sam Priest's house. I see that Mr. Ed. Butler or Mr. William H. Swift or Mr. Harry B. Hawes has this or that candidate. Mr. Frederick Judson and Mr. Thomas McPheeters have a candidate. These men seem to be the people. I hear that Mr. Ziegenhein is to run again, and Mr. Walbridge, and some others. In the places I pass my time I hear nothing of the candidates referred to, except wonder at what scheme is behind this or that man.

I am a workingman. I mean I work at a trade. I am not a labor-leader, as the MIRROR says. I agreed to write something on this matter for the editor of the MIRROR, but I didn't mean to set up as a labor leader. I don't lead. I just labor. But I'll tell what the working people I mix with think about this whole business of the World's Fair and Reform and the Mayor and Public Welfare. And what I write I think most of the working people will agree with. It's what I get from them.

### A View of the World's Fair

THE workingmen of this city are not crazy for the World's Fair. They think it will bring crowds here to cut down wages. That was the way in Chicago. I am told so by those that were there. There will be more men than jobs, and that means hard times for workingmen. There will be men walking the streets out of work and hungry after it is over. You can hear this sort of talk any time at any labor union meeting that you attend. The workingman thinks the World's Fair is a scheme to unload real estate. The World's Fair is not for the benefit of working people. It's for the people who will get the privileges at the Fair, and for the shop-keepers. I can not see where the workingman comes in for any benefits. Of course there will be city work, but the man has to have a pull to get city work. Most of the men that will work on the Fair will be brought here, and that will not send wages up. Now some of the big men in the Fair scheme will talk against this, but I say that this is the way the workingman figures it out, and this is the way we get the story from the men who were in Chicago.

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### Morton, Cobb, Tinker and Bell

THE talk of a World's Fair Mayor amuses workingmen, the way they hear it. They hear of Mr. Morton, of the Simmons' Hardware Company, for Mayor. Mr. Morton was on the posse. His firm supplied the riot guns that killed three street-car men on Washington avenue. His firm is not popular with Union Labor. He couldn't be elected with the Union Labor vote against him. Look at what happened to Pohlman and Klein and Horton last November. Mr. Morton may be a nice man, but it seems to me that he looks funny as a candidate of Ed. Butler and W. H. Swift and Harry Hawes. Hawes' candidate can



not win, because working people think he played both ends in the street-car strike.

There's Mr. Seth Cobb, too. Sam Priest is backing him. Priest is the Transit Company lawyer who did the lobby work for the street-car consolidation bill at Jefferson City, and got the biggest fee ever paid in this State for that kind of dirty work. If it were not for that there would have been no strike, no posse, no riot guns, no dead strikers. Mr. Priest is said to own the Legislature and the Supreme Court, and to be slick in working them. He would work Cobb. Anything Priest is for, Labor is against. And Mr. Cobb was in the Merchants' Bridge scheme that was put through when Francis was Mayor. That bridge was going to break Jay Gould's grip on this city's trade. Who owns that bridge now? Cobb and Francis and Rainwater sold it to the bridge they were going to fight. The working people remember that. They don't want any more deals like that. They think Cobb would do in the Mayor's office what his friend Francis did in the Mayor's office, and that Sam Priest would make more big fees by the same kind of lobbying he did at Jefferson City.

A lot of fellows are running Mr. Zack Tinker for Mayor. Now workingmen are not Prohibitionists, but they don't want a beer Mayor. They have heard of Mr. Stuever's beer in the Police Board, and they know the brewery pull in the wine-room business. The workingmen don't like to see a man chasing for the office. They think that it should go to some one that would have to be picked out by public opinion for his fitness. Mr. Tinker is a good man, personally, I am told, but Edward A. Noonan was a brewery Mayor, they say, and there was a fearful howl against him.

The talk about Nick Bell is not loud, but it's deep. He's in favor of municipal ownership of railroads and gas works and such things. He is a politician, the son-in-law of a rich man, and the friend of Gov. Stone. Mr. Bell may be all right, but working people don't like Stone. He missed out on settling the strike when he could have settled it, and the working-people have read about his sucking lobby eggs and hiding the shells. Mr. Bell wouldn't do from the workingman's standpoint.

#### Ziegenhein, Zachritz, Walbridge, Rassieur, Ives

THE Republicans are talking about renominating Ziegenhein. Now the rich men and their papers are jumping on Ziegenhein for everything. So far as I can see the worst thing against Ziegenhein is what he said in public speeches. He can't talk, but he thinks he can, and he says foolish things that everybody laughs at. We don't want a silly Mayor, but there are no other things against Ziegenhein than that. Working people know the police bill has broke the city treasury. And the platform of the Public Welfare crowd says the city is short of money because the Charter does not give the city the right to raise enough money to do business with. If that platform is right Ziegenhein is not to blame for the bad streets and sewers. About the bad lighting, it seems to me that the city would not be in darkness if the Board of Improvements had not been worked by the Gas Company. About the police, I think it is an outrage to pay them the salaries they get for the work they do and the intelligence they have. Compare that salary with a mechanic's salary all the year around and you will see it is robbery, and to increase the salary and also increase the number of men was a shame. Working men do not want to be ruled by the police in the Jefferson Club, a lot of fellows who can barely write and are not as smart as average mechanics. Police government is what workingmen get in Europe. We do not want it here. And we do not want it with the Transit Company ruling the police through the Jefferson Club. Ziegenhein is not the man for Mayor, but if he had kept his mouth shut about the moon, and when Dewey was here, and did not talk when he did not know what he was talking about he would be as strong as he used to be.

Judge Rassieur is a good candidate, but too much G. A. R. The workingman is not voting to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia."

The talk about Judge Zachritz for Mayor is among Ziegenhein's friends and I do not know that there is anything against him but that he didn't prosecute ballot-stuffers. That is bad but none of the men in office are in favor of sending the men that elected them to the penitentiary.

Now, Mr. Walbridge is talked of also for another term. What I hear of him is that he cannot win because he said after the cyclone, that St. Louis did not want any help from outside, and this turned South St. Louis against him, because the people down there might have got more money to start life again, if he had let it come in. That will prevent his nomination and if renominated it would prevent his election.

There is talk of Professor Ives for Mayor, but working people do not know much about him, only that he is with the Art School. Mr. Filley is said to be for him for Mayor and I will say this for Mr. Filley that if he comes out like he says for municipal ownership he would get many workingmen's votes for his ticket. Mr. Filley has got to be quite a Socialist and the number of Socialists among workingmen in the cities is getting larger all the time. Professor Ives on a Socialist platform and with his art school ideas might be a leader like William Morris was in England, but he's a son-in-law of Mr. Lackland of the Boatman's bank. You can't get away from capital, when you are looking for candidates.

#### Wells, Maffitt, Campbell, Tansey

WORKINGMEN do not seem to know much about men like Rolla Wells or Chouteau Maffitt, but they know that it is funny that nobody is talked of for the place of Mayor but some one who has got money or money connections. They think it is strange that nobody is talked about unless he is in the class that is connected with the capital idea in the city. It looks like class rule. The classes want to protect themselves. They want to put up their own kind and get workingmen to vote for them and then the men elected will see that the classes do not suffer in fixing taxation. It seems to me that the man for Mayor ought to be some man that does some thinking about the people. The business man believes in business and he thinks business is entitled to the best of it, as they say. He is not caring about the workingman, but is interested in the friends of his that have franchises, or that are trying to get them, or begging to get out of paying taxes on them. I think a man who has been a professional man and who has thought of the social and economic questions like a student, and not from his own pocket-book, would make a good Mayor. For the reason I have thought that Mr. Given Campbell would be a good man, but I am told the franchise people say he is too rabid on corporations. It strikes me, too, that a man that might get the vote of the kind of people that I mix with would be a man like the young man I've heard some talk of, Mr. George Tansey. He is an employer of labor. He has been a lawyer and though he is the head of a corporation he is not with a corporation that asks city favors and is known for liberal views while he is close to the people. I am told that this about Mr. Tansey should not go in this article because Mr. Tansey is the friend of the editor of the MIRROR, and it would look like a job, but I am putting it in because I have heard just what I am saying. So far as that, I have heard the editor of the MIRROR talked of for Mayor and favorably except that he has no politics and has roasted too many people to be available. I know there's no use talking of men that can't be elected, and from what I hear I don't think that anybody can be elected that has been named, unless it's Mr. Tansey, who stands in a middle place, and wouldn't be fought either by the capitalists or the workingman, though even his election would depend on the platform and who made it.

#### The Public Welfare Fake

THIS Public Welfare Movement may be all right, but it's not a people's movement. The millionaires control it. The Gas Company is on the Commission strong, in Mr. Lionberger. The Transit Company is represented by its lobbyist, Sam Priest. The *Republic's* editor is in it, and it

was sworn in Court that a Transit Company lawyer wrote an editorial that caused it a libel suit. The *Globe-Democrat* and the *Post-Dispatch* and the *Star* are in it to jolly it along. They want the city to raise more money from other people. No corporations pay so little taxes compared to the value of their properties as the newspapers. The working people do not see that the Public Welfare movement is anything but a combine of rich-bugs to get control of the work of fixing taxes so that the taxes will not be made heavy on them. The sympathy of twenty-nine out of the thirty members is against anything that will make taxes bear on those who can afford to pay it easiest. They have shut out all "cranks"—single taxers, municipal ownership men, everybody that is out for any reform that is apt to worry any coupon-clipper. The first committee appoints a secret committee to add to the membership, and the result is a strictly rich-bug crowd, all out of touch with working people, and all representing the big interests, except one or two, maybe, who think of the common people or the small tax-payer.

#### A Dead Swell Mob

AT a Labor Union meeting, last Sunday evening, I talked of the Public Welfare movement to some of the men and asked what they thought of it. One man said, "It's a dead swell gang, sure." Another man said he thought the Public Welfare crowd would take care of vested interests, by Charter amendments, and changes in the Constitution that would rob the poor man of his pants. There are good men in the Public Welfare movement, I know, but it's more select than New York's 400. The whole object seems to be to fix platforms for both parties so that nothing dangerous can get in them on the taxes question. It is a scheme to choke off discontent. There has been so much talk of reform, these people are scared that there might be some real reform that would hurt their "snaps," and they put up a respectable, bogus, reform bluff that doesn't mean anything that will increase their taxes, to head off anything radical. The common people are shut out. The interests of all the people are to be taken care of in secret caucus by this crowd of friends of the special swell interests. All the papers are tied up. In that way criticism of the movement cannot get to the people through the only way it could reach them. The newspapers are represented in the movement by the men who think of the papers only as money-making machines, by the business managers who never want anything urged or done that might hurt some concern that can help the papers make money. Everybody knows that the vilest venality in the world is in the business office of a newspaper. There they always "kick" that editors are fools with ideas about things that do not suit the business interests. The first result of the Public Welfare Movement is the squelching of any possible independent movement. It is shown in the boom for Mr. Cobb, a *Republic* candidate, as I hear because D. R. Francis, Cobb's friend, controls the *Republic*, and Sam Priest, who boodled the street railway consolidation through the Legislature is one of the *Republic's* attorneys, and an advocate of Mr. Cobb. Next, the Chairman of the Commission, Mr. Whitelaw, is talked of as a Republican candidate for Mayor. This is all right to Mr. Houser, of the *Globe-Democrat*, and Mr. N. Frank, of the *Star*.

The Public Welfare Commission is fixed to fix the party conventions, to fix the tickets favorable to the big tax dodgers and to fix the Charter and Constitution to please the same crowd. The Public Welfare Commission already has made sure that the party platforms will not declare for anything that would represent the common people's ideas of reform. It will get the bosses right in both parties by its bluff at influence. In my opinion the masses of the people of this city think the Public Welfare Commission is a scheme to prevent reform sentiment from reforming anything. The Public Welfare crowd have simply put up a platform that both parties will be scared into accepting, and then the parties will nominate for the offices whoever the bosses and the big newspapers agree on, and we can be sure that they will not agree on anyone who might have ideas



that would increase the taxation of any of the interests represented by the secretly selected and secretly meeting committee.

## fooling the People

THE whole thing looks to me like a fake of the first water. It is a throttling of real reform and it is a precaution to prevent the people at large from having any voice in defining where reform shall be made, or in selecting the men to do the reforming. It puts the party bosses in the saddle. All they give up is the concession of letting the swell mob make sure that reform will not touch their pockets, or will not interfere with the franchise graft in any way.

The people are being fooled. The Public Welfare dark-lantern crowd will name the party tickets eventually and make sure that nothing will hurt the big tax-dodgers.

## "Working" the Small Taxpayer

IN my opinion, if there is any real wish for reform, there is only one way to get it, and that is by means of an independent movement that will go right ahead at the throats of the tax-dodgers and score the Public Welfare hypocrites and spit on the party bosses and put out a platform that will be radical, but not too radical, on the municipal ownership question, and nominate a candidate for Mayor who will be a reformer, but with common sense, and not a firebrand. In that way the people would be induced to rise up and resent the efforts to foist class candidates on them and to overwhelm the exclusive clique that has put up the Public Welfare plot to make sure that reform will not mean honest assessment and collection of taxes. I write as I believe the people of my kind, who have no organ, think of these things. I believe that the kind of monkeying now being done is the worst scheme to work the workingman and small tax-payer that has ever been put up.

It is no wonder, then, that workingmen like myself are not mad for a World's Fair for the swell mob's benefit and maybe for lowering our own wages. If the people are going to be jobbed by the plutocrats and politicians, all I have to say is that the World's Fair bonds are not voted yet—and there are enough workingmen that feel like I do to kill the whole business rather than have the swell mob smother the popular will by a gagged press and bribed political machines.

## Bunching the Hits

WINDING up this letter, what chance have men like me got? Does James Campbell, Sam Priest, D. R. Francis, C. W. Knapp, Dan Houser, Nat. Frank, Ed Butler, W. H. Swift, Harry Hawes, Seth Cobb, Ziegenhein, C. P. Walbridge, Prof. Ives, J. W. Morton, Nick Bell, Zack Tinker, Tom Barrett, Charlie Lemp, F. N. Judson, T. S. McPheeters, Rolla Wells, Chouteau Maffitt care for me and my kind of people? Every one of them is wealthy or is the tool of wealth. They are buyers and bought. They are all in the same party when men like me want anything. They jaw and scrap between themselves, but they get together when the common people want something and they all argue that a man like me is an anarchist. They control legislation and taxation and you bet your life they don't get the worst of it. I see these men's names in the papers. They are making tickets for the people. They figure on carrying wards like they were selling and buying chickens. Not one of them would give a poor man a smell at any office like Mayor. They must have a rich man that will take the rich man's side in everything that can come up. They want the World's Fair so they can rake in more coin. They want to improve the city, but their idea isn't that they should pay on their big piles for the improvement. They stand in all around against the mob. They got both parties nailed. If the parties don't give these fellows the men they want, these fellows shut down on the stuff. These men own this town. They run it to suit themselves, whatever party wins. They know the common people are sore, and that's why they begin to yell for reform and begin to fix things so that the change of officers won't hurt them. One gang or another will win out. There is not going to

be any change. The rich fellows are fixing so as to be solid with whatever gang wins. The politicians will increase the taxes, but not the taxes of any of the men making the candidates. The rich will get off light. The politicians can then spend the poor man's money anyway they like.

The poor man has no show for anything. The fellows that are now putting up jobs to beat one another are all agreed that the masses of the people are not alive and that the masses will support one of two tickets that are both owned by the rich and their tools.

That's how I see the fight now going on for Mayor of St. Louis and I am wondering if the editor of the MIRROR has the nerve to print this piece.

Workingman.

## POSTPONING A PANIC.

AMERICAN FINANCIERS UPHOLDING ENGLAND'S GOLD SUPPLY.

THESE are gloomy days in London. The twentieth century opens most inauspiciously for the British nation. The hopes of an early termination of the ill-starred struggle in South Africa are vanishing, and it is realized that the tax-payers will have to submit to another increase in the burdens imposed upon them. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is already indulging in ominous references to new taxation, and it is not at all unlikely that recourse will be had to the imposition of tariff duties on imports, in order to defray the enormous war expenditures. The cessation of gold imports from the Cape is keenly felt in financial and speculative markets. The late disturbances in London, Berlin and other financial centers of Europe, were the indirect outcome of the Boer struggle. The curtailment of gold supplies resulted in more disastrous effects than even experienced financial authorities are willing to admit as within the range of probabilities. There are now many municipalities in England waiting for an improvement in the financial situation in order to be able to raise new loans. Industrial and commercial corporations are in a similar position and equally badly handicapped.

It is a strange state of affairs, indeed. The war with two puny Republics has materially impaired the financial and political prestige of the British Empire. At the present time, the United States, practically, is in command of the financial market in London. It can withdraw hundreds of millions of dollars and throw the markets of London, Berlin and Paris into convulsions.

Of course, the magnates of Wall street would not care to commit themselves to such a suicidal policy. They would frustrate their own purposes and injure their own interests. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and the City National Bank of New York are well aware of the critical conditions in London, and know that the withdrawal of gold from the Bank of England would precipitate a panic. For this reason, it is the object of New York financiers to prevent any increase in the value of money on this side of the Atlantic and to make it comparatively smooth sailing for British financiers.

While there is no immediate danger of gold exports to the United States, the Bank of England is losing large amounts of the precious metal to Egypt, France, Argentina and India. In order to put a stop to the ominous and steady efflux, the great financial institution found itself compelled, lately, to raise its rate of discount to 5 per cent, and there is a probability that the rate may be raised to 6 per cent, in the near future. The only thing that can alleviate the burden and induce a better feeling in monetary markets is decreased commercial and industrial activity. According to well-informed authorities, the reaction in general business has already set in and will be more in evidence a few months hence.

The depressed state of financial markets in London is well reflected in the weakness and low quotations of British consols, which, some days ago, sold at the extremely low price of 96¾. There is an impression, however, that these securities will rise in value from now on, because investors, disgusted with recent occurrences in speculative issues, are once more turning their attention to gilt-edged investments. British consols sold at 113 two years ago.

The wild gambling in mining stocks has at last brought about the natural result. There has been a big decline in West Australian, British Columbian and other "fakes" of this kind, and the London and Globe Finance Corporation

and about fifteen firms announced their insolvency. The losses entailed aggregate an enormous total, and there are rumors that the troubles will end in a great scandal. The London & Globe Finance Corporation had a nominal capital of \$10,000,000, and was engaged in the floatation of mining enterprises, especially in Australia. The outcome of this sort of financing was the locking up of the company's resources, to an undue extent, in securities that could not be readily marketed and the value of which was somewhat "metaphysical." According to the *London Statist*, the policy of the concern has been to take all the cream and leave the skim milk for the public.

The many suspensions were promptly followed by the advance in the discount rate of the Bank of England to 5 per cent. The reserves of this institution are now very low,—lower, in fact, than they should be,—and the leading financial journals are expressing considerable alarm at the condition of the bank. The proportion of reserve to liability is now lower than it has been for years past. In December, 1899, the discount rate was 6 per cent. At that time the reserves were larger than they are at the present time. It is reported that Russia and France are making vigorous efforts to increase their stock of the yellow metal. The contest between these two countries and the Bank of England will be watched with great interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

Francis A. Huter.

## "THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE."

PROFESSOR HAECKEL'S SOLUTION.

RELIGIOUS and scientific circles are now much interested, the former perturbedly so, by a book of Prof. Ernst Haeckel's, rendered into English under the title of "The Riddle of the Universe." It is one of the books that everyone will talk of, while few will find their heads strong enough to read it, like the books of Darwin and Spencer. An excellent condensation of the salient features of the argument appeared in a recent issue of the *Literary Digest*, and from that condensation the following further compression of the doctrine of Haeckel is made.

Professor Haeckel is Germany's greatest biologist, and he believes that specialists should interest themselves in the philosophy of nature as well as in the mere facts and observed uniformities. The present work marks the close of his studies and final conclusions in philosophy and moral science. He writes from the view-point, not of an agnostic, but of a monist. He rejects materialism as emphatically as he does supernatural religion. At the very outset of his book he states his position thus:

"All the different philosophical tendencies may, from the point of view of modern science, be ranged in two antagonistic groups; they represent either a dualistic or a monistic interpretation of the cosmos. The former is usually bound up with teleological and idealistic dogmas, the latter with mechanical and realistic theories. Dualism, in the widest sense, breaks up the universe into two entirely distinct substances—the material world and an immaterial God, who is represented to be its creator, sustainer and ruler. Monism, on the contrary, recognizes one sole substance in the universe, which is at once God and nature; body and spirit (or matter and energy) it holds to be inseparable. The extramundane God of dualism leads necessarily to theism; the intramundane God of the monist to pantheism."

In many other places Haeckel repeats the formula of "unity of God and nature," but without defining his meaning very clearly. Religion, apart from its ethical side, he regards as superstition. Special creation, the personality of God, divine control or guidance of the universe, immortality, and the freedom of the will, he declares to have been "shattered" by modern science and the discovery of "the great eternal iron laws" throughout the universe.

Professor Haeckel first discusses the evolution of the human body and the nature of the vital functions. Then he enters upon a consideration of the soul—its nature, "embryology," and phylogeny. On the strength of the data in these chapters he dismisses the belief in immortality, summarizing his arguments against it as follows:

"The physiological argument shows that the human soul is not an independent, immaterial substance, but, like the soul of all the higher animals, merely a collective title for the sum-total of man's cerebral functions; and these are just as much determined by physical and chemical processes as

any of the other vital functions, and just as amenable to the law of substance.

"The *histological* argument is based on the extremely complicated microscopic structure of the brain; it shows us the true 'elementary organs of the soul' in ganglionic cells.

"The *experimental* argument proves that the various functions of the soul are bound up with certain special parts of the brain, and cannot be exercised unless these are in a normal condition. If the areas are destroyed, their function is extinguished; and this is especially applicable to the 'organs of thought,' the four central instruments of mental activity.

"The *pathological* argument is the complement of the physiological. When certain parts of the brain (the centers of sight, etc.) are destroyed by sickness, their activity disappears; in this way nature herself makes the decisive physiological experiment.

"The *ontogenetic* argument puts before us the facts of the development of the soul in the individual. We see how the child-soul gradually unfolds its various powers; the youth presents them in full bloom, the mature man shows their ripe fruit; in old age we see the gradual decay of the psychic powers corresponding to the senile degeneration of the brain.

"The *phylogenetic* argument derives its strength from paleontology and the comparative anatomy and physiology of the brain. Co-operating with and completing each other, these sciences prove to the hilt that the human brain (and consequently its function, the soul) has been evolved step by step from that of the mammal, and, still further back, from that of the lower vertebrate."

In short, immortality, concludes Haeckel, is a dogma in hopeless contradiction with the most solid truths of empirical science. The loss of the belief in an immortal soul, he asserts, would be a positive gain, not a misfortune to humanity. Similarly with regard to worship, revelation, and the churches.

Monism, however, has its religion, and it finds in nature the only true revelation. "The modern man, who has science and art—and therefore 'religion'—needs no special church, no narrow, enclosed portions of space. For through the length and breadth of free nature, wherever he turns his gaze, to the whole universe or to any single part of it, he finds indeed the grim struggle for life, but by its side are ever the good, the true, and the beautiful; his church is commensurate with the whole of glorious nature. Still, there will always be men of special temperament who will desire to have decorated temples or churches as places of devotion to which they may withdraw."

The great law of the cosmos, he says, is the law of substance, the constancy of matter and force. This law rules out all the postulates of theology and metaphysics and assigns mechanical causes to phenomena. There has been no "creation," but evolution, and everything has conformed to a single law. But do we know anything of the nature of the substance of the cosmos, of the cause of the observed uniformities? No, answers Haeckel. The one riddle of the universe that now remains, the "problem of substance," has not been solved and, in fact, monism has given up the attempt at solving it. Says Haeckel:

"We grant at once that the innermost character of nature is just as little understood by us as it was by Anaximander and Empedocles twenty-four hundred years ago, by Spinoza and Newton two hundred years ago, and by Kant and Goethe one hundred years ago. We must even grant that this essence or substance becomes more mysterious and enigmatic the deeper we penetrate into the knowledge of its attributes. . . . We do not know the 'thing-in-itself' that lies behind the knowable phenomena. But why trouble about this enigmatic 'thing-in-itself,' when we have no means of investigating it, when we do not even clearly know whether it exists or not? . . .

"From the gloomy *problem* of substance we have evolved the clear *law* of substance."

Morality, he says, is independent of any belief in the supernatural. It is based on human experience, on scientific comprehension of social coexistence. The love of others is as natural as self-love. No one can prosper and be serene and happy unless everybody around him is equally happy:

"The golden rule says: 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.' From this highest precept of Christianity it follows of itself that we have just as sacred duties toward ourselves as we have toward our fellows . . .

(1) Both these concurrent impulses are natural laws, of equal importance and necessity for the preservation of the family and the society; egoism secures the self-preservation of the individual, altruism that of the species, which is made up of the chain of perishable individuals. (2) The social duties which are imposed by the social structure of the associated individuals, and by means of which it assures its preservation, are merely higher evolutionary stages of the social instincts, which we find in all higher social animals (as habits which have become hereditary.) (3) In the case of civilized men, all ethics, theoretical or practical, being a science of rules, is connected with his view of the world at large, and consequently with his religion."

Professor Haeckel's religion, he explains further, consists in the cult of goodness, truth, and moral beauty, and the last word of the nineteenth century, in his judgment, to humanity is that in monistic religion and ethics there is "ample compensation for the anthropinistic ideas of 'God, freedom, and immortality' which we have lost."

### SANNIE.

(An incident of the fighting near Colenso, South Africa. The heroine was nineteen years old.)

HOW shall I tell you the story of Sannie—  
Sannie my loved one—Sannie my bride?  
Sannie who rode with me over the veldt—  
Sannie who fought with me, there where we knelt—  
Sannie who sleeps on the kopje's side!

I had loved her in silence—you know how—  
But what could a slip of a youngster say  
Who could scarcely think—(much less avow)  
The hope that deep in his bosom lay.  
And, I suppose, I would be dumb yet  
If it hadn't been for the word she said  
That day in our talk with big Piet—  
Trouble, we felt, was close ahead—  
'Twas a question of months when the blow must fall—  
For Milner, down at the Cape, was set  
On forcing a fight on Uncle Paul.  
'Who's wanting trouble?' big Piet chaffed—  
Quick thro' her eyes, where the sunshine laughed  
A moment before, the lightning ran—  
'If it comes I know where I'll find one man!'

She was mine—my Sannie—my heart's desire!  
You know how the awful tempest broke—  
How the word flew over the veldt like fire—  
How the Field Cornets at the farmhouse spoke—  
How the burghers' wrath blazed high and higher—  
How Joubert planned a sudden stroke,  
And, breaking over the Natal pass,—  
Scattered the British troops like smoke,—  
Cracked the nut and dug for the pith,—  
Shattered White's men like a pane of glass,  
And, drawing the cordon nigh and nigher,  
Locked them up in Ladysmith!

And Sannie? Sannie had begged to go  
When the word came up to our little farm,  
And, for all my trying, I couldn't say no.  
'Besides,' she said, 'I fear no harm—  
Wherever you are is the place for me.  
Grandfather died to make us free—  
I can do my share to keep us so!'  
And Sannie and I rode down—rode down  
To where the trail from Ladysmith ends—  
To where the river Tugela bends  
And touches and passes Colenso town!  
There the burghers stood and made their fight,  
Twice blocking the doughty Buller's track—  
Twice hurling his forty thousand back.  
White behind us—Buller in front—  
Roberts making a wide detour  
With his hundred thousand pressing sure  
Up to our rear by Cape Town way.  
The problem was, should we fight and stay—  
Retreat or stick and take the brunt,  
So it stood, when the cry and hunt  
Changed its course, and the guns' deep bay

Neared the hill where we, foxlike, lay!  
"Whatever comes we will do our share,"  
I heard her whisper close to my right—  
A low, soft murmur (our evening prayer)—  
Not a shot we gave till we saw their eyes—  
Then—then the terrible, swift surprise—  
The rattle of rifles—the sharp replies—  
Fighting, it looked, without a plan—  
The burghers fighting man by man—  
With our fathers' deadly, single aim—  
Not for conquest and not for fame,  
But doing the work of a loyal son  
Who would hold the home that his father won!  
There, like our fathers' wives, she stood,  
When they broke the might of the Zulu horde—  
Aiming her gun with trust in the Lord—  
True to the old Voortrekkers' blood!  
There she knelt, half-sunk in the mud,  
And worked her Mauser, nor paused nor tired,  
But aimed and fired and loaded and fired—  
Nerved my heart with her word of cheer,  
Routed my last, black shadow of fear  
And seemed to be like a soul inspired!

Ten to one they surely were—  
A crash of muskets—a shell's strange whirr—  
Sudden across my eyes a blur—  
And, close to my side, so deadly low  
I scarce could hear it, a cry of pain—  
Then down on my soul a bloody rain—  
Straight at my heart a mortal blow—  
And Sannie—my Sannie—never again!

O shouts of victory—why should you be?  
For I have lost the end of it all!  
Out of the night I hear her call,  
In the flowers by the road her face I see—  
And my lonely farm by the yellow Vaal  
Is never a home to me!

How can I tell you the story of Sannie—  
Sannie my loved one—Sannie my bride?  
Sannie who rode with me over the veldt—  
Sannie who died by me, there where we knelt—  
Sannie who sleeps on the kopje's side!

John Jerome Rooney.

### THE MATRIMONIAL BUREAU.

A SKETCH AT THE END OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

THE twentieth century had nearly reached its close when the silent revolution, initiated a hundred years before, accomplished its insidious purpose.

A few far-seeing men had, even in the nineteenth century, uttered a note of warning as to the married woman's property act, and the dangers that might accrue from allowing ladies, both spinsters and widows, owning landed property to will it to members of their sex.

Upon a bright spring morning a well equipped brougham drew up outside the well known matrimonial bureau of Miss Letitia Betts, and a lady, young, handsome and attired in an elegant half-mourning robe, alighted, and, giving her card to the clerk in the outer office, asked the young man if Miss Betts were disengaged.

The visitor was ushered in and accommodated with a chair.

"Well, Miss Betts," she began, coming to the point with the frankness that characterized the woman of the twentieth century, "you can guess my business, though I suppose my name is unknown to you?"

"Pardon me, but I have heard of you, Lady MacGregor. I remember also reading in the papers of the death of your husband, six months ago."

The widow put away the tear and the handkerchief evoked by the memory of the virtues of the defunct Sir Douglas, and assumed an air of interest.

"I think I should prefer a title."

"All ladies whose income is over \$50,000 a year can have the choice of my best men—absolutely without reservation. Who are in the men's smoking room?" Miss Betts asked the clerk.





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**\$5.00** For Ladies' Short Coats that were all season sold at \$8.75.

## BOX COATS. The Only Correct Shapes.

**\$8.75** For correct shapes Box Coats, black or castor—our \$12.50 qualities.  
**\$10.00** For our best \$15.00 styles.  
**\$12.75** For choice of fine Box Coats that were sold all season at \$18.75 and \$20.00.

## AUTOMOBILES.

**\$15.00** For choice of finest 42-inch Tan or Castor Automobile Coats that were \$20.00, \$25.00 and \$27.50 all season long.

## FUR SCARFS.

**\$3.95** For choice Near Seal Cluster Scarfs—formerly \$6.00.  
**\$5.00** For fine Natural Brook Mink Scarfs, with bushy fox tails—were \$7.50.  
**\$5.95** For rich dark blended River Mink Scarfs, with 8 extra large fox tails—formerly \$9.00.  
**\$10.00** For large double blue Wolf Scarfs—worth \$12.75 and \$13.75.  
**\$15.00** For Long Boas of Sable Wolf or French Silver Fox—formerly \$25.00 and \$27.50.

## LADIES' CLOTH SUITS.

Suitable for Early Spring Wear.

**\$12.75** Only, for Stylish Eton and Blouse Suits, in grays, browns or blues—regular price \$15.00 to \$16.50.  
**\$15.00** For a large line of handsome Tailor-made Suits, with all the new features; regular price \$18.75 to \$22.50—Clearing Sale Price \$15.00.  
**\$20.00** Buys handsome Blouse or Eton Suits, some all silk lined, to date have sold at \$26.75 and up to \$30.00—Clearing Sale Price \$20.00.

## FUR COATS.

**\$27.50** For choice Electric Seal Coat, latest models—were \$40.00.  
**\$25.00** For choice real Astrachan Coats—were \$31.50 and \$33.75.  
**\$39.50** For Near Seal and Persian Coats, swell styles—worth \$47.50.  
**\$50.00** For Moire Astrachan and Real Marten Coats, were \$65.00.  
**\$100.00** For choice Persian Lamb Coats, with fine dark northern mink collars and cuffs—were \$150.00.  
**\$190.00** For fine Moire Persian or Baby Lamb Coats, with genuine Russian or Hudson Bay Sable Collars—formerly \$275.00.  
Muff to match, worth \$75.00 for **\$50.00**

## CLOTH CAPES For Elderly Ladies.

**\$3.95** For good, warm, Rough Cheviot Cloth Capes, that were \$5.00 and \$6.00.  
**\$5.00**—For fine Boucle Capes, 30 inches long, with fur edging—were \$7.50.  
**\$8.75** For Fine Kersey Capes—formerly \$12.50.  
**\$15.00** For fine Cheviot Capes, handsomely lined—worth \$18.75 and \$20.00.  
**\$25.00** For fine Fur-trimmed Capes—were \$33.00, \$35.00 and \$37.50.

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"Lord Sevenstars, Hon. Algernon Highstep and Mr. Plantagenet."

"Tell them to come here. You are really fortunate," pursued Miss Betts.

"Good morning, gentlemen," she said, acknowledging their bows, "let me introduce you to lady MacGregor, who has an income of over \$50,000 a year and is thinking of marrying again."

"Which is Lord Sevenstars?" inquired Lady MacGregor.

The young lord, bowing, approached her chair, while the other two men remained out of earshot.

His appearance pleased the lady. "What have you got to say for yourself?" she said, somewhat graciously.

His lordship smiled deprecatingly. "I have excellent testimonials from my relations," he said, in his soft, high-bred voice; "my disposition is amiable and unassuming, though I'm not clever, like my brothers, or I might be earning my living. Unluckily, I have no business capacities; they have—at least Simon has. He," he went on proudly, "is the head clerk to Misses Moxon, the conveyancing solicitors, and earning \$1,250 a year. Edward is head gamekeeper for Lady Strange. Should you accept me as a husband I would, of course, defer to your wishes in every particular, and attend to your comfort with the utmost care."

Lady MacGregor nodded approvingly. "I like your appearance and manner," she said, slowly; "you may suit, but before deciding I should like to interrogate those other two men."

Obedient to her nod, the Hon. Algernon approached, while Sevenstars drew to one side.

There was about the newcomer an air of gayety and sprightliness that the modest, young Sevenstars lacked; Lady MacGregor surveyed him rather doubtfully.

"Well," she said, "tell me about yourself; you are, of course, a relation to Lord Highstep?"

"First cousin, Lady MacGregor," replied the young

man in an easy tone. "I am well known in society, and have the entree into the best houses. To be the husband of so charming a lady as yourself would render me the happiest of mortals."

"Have you followed any profession?" inquired the lady coldly.

"No, I have not; indeed, until recently, there was no need for me to do so. When I was 21 I came into the possession of \$25,000, willed me unconditionally by my grandmother. That was nearly six years ago and I've run through it," he added with a nervous laugh.

"What!" cried Lady MacGregor, angrily, "spendthrift! profligate! Twenty-five thousand dollars in five years! And you dare to expect me to continue to support you in your wicked extravagance! I to dream of marrying such a spendthrift! Why, the ghost of my dear Douglas would rise from his grave were I even to seriously consider it. Go, sir! leave the room!"

The abashed young man precipitately retired. The red flush of anger was still on her cheeks as the third candidate advanced and bowed before her chair.

"Lady MacGregor," he said, calmly meeting her look, "if you are desirous of knowing why I desire to embark in the career of matrimony, I reply, because there is nothing left for me to do. Your sex has absorbed the high-paid posts and sinecures, monopolized all lucrative appointments; both the land and wealth of the country are yours. I love ease and idleness and all the luxuries that money commands; give me these and I, in return, will promise to make you happy."

Miss Betts, overhearing the speech, expected the speaker would be bidden to follow the honorable Algernon, but Lady MacGregor veiled her eyes before this confident wooer and murmured:

"Will you?"

"On certain stipulations. I really must insist on \$5.00 a week pocket money for myself; also a smoking room in

your house where I can receive my friends without question, and where you would be a visitor only by invitation.

"Few husbands expect such privileges," protested Lady MacGregor.

"I know it, but I rely on your good sense to grant these concessions."

"You will, of course, not visit your tailor without first asking my leave? I always chose Douglas' clothes for him; he acknowledged I had most excellent taste."

"Yes," said Mr. Plantagenet with some reluctance, "only I must select my own ties."

"Good gracious! Do you think you can do better than I can?"

"I prefer," he answered, evasively, "to rely on my own taste."

"You are terribly independent," said the lady in half reproach, but there was a subcurrent of admiration at the audacity of his demands. The young man before her awaited her decision with easy confidence; she rose and turned to Miss Betts.

"I have decided on Mr. Plantagenet," she said, half nervously.

The matrimonial agent bowed acquiescingly, though scarcely able to suppress her surprise. Sevenstars sighed, seeing his hopes of future prosperity shattered; then, stifling his emotion, he advanced and congratulated the prospective bridegroom.

"You are a lucky man," he concluded, with a touch of envy he was unable to banish.

Plantagenet bore his good fortune with unembarrassed naturalness. "You shall be my best man, Sevenstars," he said, clapping his friend on the back. "Cheer up; I'll get you settled soon."

He advanced and shook hands with Miss Betts, expressing his obligation to her in a few well chosen words, and then, offering Lady MacGregor his arm, escorted her to her carriage. Sevenstars followed, and Miss Betts was left alone.

The West End.

## MR. MANSFIELD'S "HENRY V."

Loveablest and Englishest of all England's kings was the fifth Harry, maugre his scandalous treatment of fat *Sir John*. And he is more eloquent than most of Shakespeare's kings, who are, as Walter Pater says, "an eloquent lot."

But Mr. Mansfield is no completely kingly man, though he put a royal wealth of thought and taste and coin into his production of "Henry V." The head of Mr. Mansfield is, perhaps, kingly enough, but the heart, the heart—it is, much of the time, to seek. Excellent actor though he be, his impersonation of the victor of Agincourt, is for the greater part, a disappointment. The character in his hands is hard. There is too little of the *Prince Hal* that should have kindness for the world, for what he had learned of it in roystering. His reading is artificial. The words come not forth as they seem, by the play, called to come, now unctuous, now acrid, now torrid, now torrential. They seem forced out with some difficulty and his blank verse scansion is something passing strange.

It seems ungenerous to criticise a man who expends over \$5,000 per week on such a production as Mr. Mansfield presents at the Olympic this week, but one has an opinion. My opinion is that, with the exception of a flash here and there, Mansfield's *Henry V* is the poorest thing he has ever essayed. At but few places in the play can the audience catch fire from him, and then it's only a fitful, phosphorescent flash, without warmth, without glow. It only paints the part more pallid.

Is *Henry* insulted by the *Dauphin's* present of the tennis balls? His action does not show it. The sting to his pride is in the words Shakespeare has written down, but it is not in Mansfield's utterance of them. And so with the unmasking of the conspirators at Southampton. The royal grief, the royal dignity, the royal nobleness of heart that could pardon them for their designs upon himself but not for their treason to the State—where are these things? "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" The king is lost in the poseur. You can imagine him looking critically at his words as he catapults them forth, tasting them tentatively on his tongue ere he lets them go, intent on the words themselves, not lost in the surge of feeling from which they should spring.

And so at Harfleur. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends," he says. But he says it in no rapt fashion, says it cynically, as *Captain Bluntschli* might say it, in "Arms and the Man." Once more,—not twice, mind you,—just once. The famous address to the soldiers falls pathetically short of all one's memories of its quality in the heart in the days we recited it at school. As Mr. Mansfield gives the lines, surely, you think, Bacon at least wrote that, but not sweet Will of Avon. It is all manner. It fails utterly to give you that fullness and softness about the heart that respond to the moral sublime. For all his pretense, for all his going through the motions, you know surely that this King is not going through the emotions, and that the emotions are not stirring in him. The speech to the men at Harfleur, appealing to them to save their wives and daughters from the lust of the blood-besotted soldiers, by surrender, is refrigerated when it should be in essence of real kindness, and generous nobleness.

But let me say that in the outburst on the day of Crispin, before Agincourt, we have the real Henry for a few minutes. There Mr.

Mansfield comes out of himself. There we have the real *Harry*, the ideal Englishman, the bravest, truest, most democratic of English Kings and, of all the eloquent company of Shakespearian Kings the most eloquent. There your spirit yearns to him and you get the thrill and flush of his fine patriotism till you feel for an instant like standing up and shouting with the soldiers. The Mansfield manner is forgotten. The metallic twang to his voice, the suggestion that the words are toothy and, at times, hint of a kinship to a grunt—all that disappears. The color of the words is golden red. They ring with the music of war. They flash with the sheen of spears. They are vital with the enthusiasm of a man assured of the kindness of destiny, and with the highest quality of all, sincere love for England and for the commonest man that is to fight around him. God! But there's a King Walt Whitman, even, could hug to his heart. That is the very King who, disguised as a common soldier, says that the King is such a man as he, that the violet smells as sweet unto the King as to the common soldier, that the King's affections stoop with like wing to those of the common man. That is the King who is a King because he is a man—the King whose Kingship explains England, the Englishman whose Englishness at the topmost pitch of feeling accounts for Shakespeare himself. The heart leaps up to greet him.

Furthermore, I thought the prayer before Agincourt was touched with a genuine gentleness and reverence and that the manner in which the king received the tale of the dead on either side, after the battle, was nobly, royally fine and infused with some of the actual divinity that doth hedge a truly kingly king. For these things, yes and for the delightful touches in the scene of the courtship of *Katherine*, for the reminiscences, in the style of his incertitude and puzzlement, of the George Bernard Shaw attitude one may and must thank him. Where it is right that Mr. Mansfield should be Mr. Mansfield because the *King* is at least as much a Mansfield as he is a Welshman, the Mansfield personality is electrically effective. And when it titillates you it serves to exalt in your estimation the genius of those moving minutes in which he abandons himself to the rapturous prophecy of the way in which England, until the end of time, shall feel for all who fight at Agincourt.

If only that rapture might unlock the icy bonds of manner oftener in the play! If only Mr. Mansfield were to be less conscious more frequently, less heady, more hearty! But, a truce to this. Mr. Mansfield is as he is, and nothing can transmute him from the cynic attitude for long, or eliminate wholly the sneer that he puts into romance, or wipe out the contempt of man that lurks in his work, whether as the Devil's Disciple, or *Captain Bluntschli*, or the leading figure in "a Parisian Romance," or in *King Henry V*. If Dean Swift had written a play, Richard Mansfield in the principal role thereof would be the greatest actor of all time—and damned for his picnic excellence.

Of the production as a scenic display there can be nothing but praise. The scene of the hours before Agincourt was a revelation of the misty, half-lighted mystery of morning's coming. You could almost catch yourself listening for the day to break with bigness of the destiny it bore for a king and a people. For sheer noisiness of noise the fall of Harfleur excels anything that was ever wrought out without pyrotechnics or aid to the eye. The tableau of Agincourt

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is magnificent and the entry into London is second, as an achievement in artistry of setting a crowd, only to the tumultuous scenes when Irving, as *Robespierre*, addresses the convention and is greeted with "The blood of Danton chokes him." The espousal of *Henry* and *Katherine*, too, is worthy. The tableaux tell us, if we did not know it otherwise, that Mr. Mansfield was a painter. There's a touch in the return to London that leaps out like a lightning flash. A woman rushes from the crowd to *Macmorris*, marching in the ranks. A query, a word—both unheard by the audience—then the woman faints away and is borne off. There's the whole other side of the picture of all the splendor—the heart-break behind the *Non nobis Domine* and the *Te Deum*.

And now for the company. Miss Kahn as *Chorus*, is simply superb as to voice, as to manner, as to everything. She is not too impassioned in her descriptions and suggestions. She preserves, indeed, to an extent remarkable in view of the quality of the scenes for which she prepares us, and of the scenes supposed to be passing between the acts, much of that interpretative dispassionateness which the old Greek *Chorus* had, though, of course, the Greek style had to be abandoned in an English play, in which Fate plays so little part. I have mentioned the Nameless One who thrilled us in the picture of the return. Messrs. A. G. Andrews and Chas. J. Edmunds as *Fuelen* and *Macmorris*, are excellent, the one in Cymric fluency, the other in the wild Irishry of him. Mr. Joseph Whiting, who as soldier exchanges gages with the King, carries off with distinction a vital if a small part in the play. Mr. Ernest Wardelent interest to the role of a herald of the French king. Messrs. Sheridan Block and A. Berthelet as *King Charles* and the *Dauphin* are figures that stand out in the picture. Mr. W. N.

Griffiths is a truly good *Pistol* and Miss Myra Brooks does well as *Dame Quickly* in that exquisitely blended scene of triviality and pathos and rare observation, the description of the death of *Sir John Falstaff*. Miss Dorothy Chester, as boy to the servants of *Falstaff*, is decidedly clever in every situation. *Mdlle Brassy* and *Mdlle Suzanne Sanije*, are better than the audiences know, in their French scene.

A great spectacle! A goodly company! A fine illustration of what one man can do in bending to his will an uncongenial role and hostile episodes. A marvelous exhibition of versatility. A miraculous unmasking of a heart for a few minutes. A queer, fey, uncanny, will-o'-the-wisp-lighted intellectuality of charm cast over a part essentially virile and noble and even godly! A deadly coldness broken but once or twice by passion! An oddly fascinating mental, but not heart-felt, sympathy in the euphuistic soliloquy on ceremony! A democratic king who must struggle with himself to keep under the almost irrepressible scorn of an actor for his kind. These are the things you carry away from the great performance, for it is great, even though, as stated, it is the poorest thing, in the main, that the actor has ever done.

Then you go home and read Mr. Mansfield's introduction to his acting version of the play (published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, and beautifully published), and you look at the frontispiece picture of Mr. Mansfield, and then you read the introduction once more. And then—while rendering Mr. Mansfield a free homage for the success with which sheathes himself in ice,—your heart goes out in pity to a man who is so ashamed of his heart as to forbid its ministering to the highest effectiveness of his genius.

W. M. R.

Society Stationery—Mermod &amp; Jaccard's.



## SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Risque are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Risque, of New Mexico.

Mrs. Charles H. Bailey, of Vandeventer Place, will give a large euchre party on January 15th.

Mrs. Dr. Henry J. Scherk will receive her friends on Wednesday during the winter months.

Mrs. Charles Palms, of Detroit, spent the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Walsh.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus B. Hart are at the Arlington Hotel, at Santa Barbara, and will remain West until spring.

Mr. Guy Lindsley's entertainments will hereafter be given at the Odeon. The next one will occur early in February.

Mrs. S. C. Gleeson, of Cabanne, has returned from the East, where she spent several weeks, accompanied by her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kruger, who have lately returned home from Europe, have removed to 3142 Lafayette avenue.

Mrs. L. E. Collins will give a reception on Saturday afternoon, January 12th, in honor of Miss Brooks, who is visiting here.

Mrs. J. M. Francis, and Miss Edith Francis have given up housekeeping, and are sojourning at the West End Hotel.

Mrs. P. D. Cheney and her daughter, Mrs. Harriet Pitman, and grandson, Master Boydie Pitman, have taken apartments for the winter at the Franklin.

Madame Cecile Renaud has returned from a year's stay in the West, and will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dimmock, of Washington Boulevard.

The young ladies of the Washington University will give a luncheon on Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Flannigan. The decorations will be handsome, and covers laid for nine.

Mrs. William K. Bixby, of Portland place, has sent out cards for a reception which she will give on Friday, January 11th, from three to four o'clock. Mrs. William McMillan's card is enclosed.

Mrs. Harrison I. Drummond has been entertaining her sister, Mrs. William Borrowes, of New York, who has now returned to her home. During her stay a number of fashionable functions were given in her honor.

The Skating Club has been reorganized, and will hold its meetings on Monday evenings during the remainder of the winter, at the Rink, which will be chartered for those evenings, and none other than club members admitted.

The engagement of Miss Frances Beaufort McElroy, of Kirkwood, to Mr. David Bixby, son of Mr. and Mrs. William K. Bixby, of Portland Place, has been announced. No date has been set for the wedding, but it will probably take place after Easter.

Mrs. John Fowler, of No. 47 Vandeventer place, has sent out cards for a reception and dance which she will give on Monday evening, January 18th. Miss Emma A. Whittaker and Miss Collins will be guests of honor, their cards being enclosed in the invitation.

Mrs. A. Deane Cooper and Mrs. Adelaide Moriarity will leave in a few days for the East, whence, after a short stay, they will sail for Europe. They will go direct to Japan, to spend several months traveling through that country, and, afterwards make a tour on the continent, being absent, in all, about a year.

Mrs. B. F. Givens has been entertaining Miss Emma Howell, of Evansville, Ind., who was a great deal entertained during her stay. Mrs. Givens gave a handsome euchre party in honor of her guest last week. Miss Howell is a very young girl, having only graduated last June from a fashionable college in Washington, D. C. She left on Monday morning to return to her home.

Mrs. Thomas Rodgers entertained the Acephalous Euchre Club on Tuesday afternoon, at her home, 3706 West Pine. The club is a very popular one, this being the third winter that it has been in existence. The members who were at this meeting were, Mesdames J. J. Mauntell, Alexander De Menil, James Garneau, Joe Lucas, Agnes Macbeth, Arthur Garesche, I. G. W. Stedman, Frank Leete, Lewis Bailey.

The marriage of Miss Flora Woods and Mr. Ben F. Edwards took place on Tuesday evening, at the home of the bride, at 4332 McPherson avenue. The wedding was a very quiet and simple affair, and only the immediate members of the two families were present. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. F. W. Sneed, of the Compton Avenue Presbyterian Church. After the ceremony, which was at seven o'clock, the bride and groom received the congratulations of

their friends, and then departed on the Illinois Central train for a bridal tour through Florida. They will be gone for several weeks, and upon their return make their home in St. Louis. Mr. Edwards is the cashier of the National Bank of Commerce, and Miss Woods is the daughter of Mr. Archie Woods, of this city.

Much interest is being shown over the announcement of the approaching marriage of Mr. Henry Ames to Miss Jennie Marmaduke. The engagement was announced to friends some time ago. Miss Marmaduke is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Marmaduke, and a connection by marriage of Mr. Ames. Ex-Gov. John S. Marmaduke was an uncle of the bride elect. The date of the wedding has not yet been set, but it will probably be one of the events of the near future.

Mrs. Ben Gray, of Cabanne, is entertaining her cousin, Miss Elizabeth Basley, of Virginia, who has been much admired since her introduction to St. Louis society, at a large reception given last week by Mrs. Gray. There were two "hours," some of the guests being invited from three to four, and others from four to six. Miss Amanda McCormick Adams was also introduced at this function. Miss Adams is the daughter of Mrs. Robert McCormick Adams, of Kirkwood, and graduated in the Mary Institute class of '99 with honors. Mrs. Adams was also one of the receiving party at the reception, and a bevy of pretty girls, changing each hour, served. They were Misses Julia Cabanne, Nellie Bagnell, Georgia Wright, Clara Clark, Georgia Young, Florence Overall, Barbara Blackman, Dorothea Richardson, Catherine Owen, Mary Phillips, Jane Wilkinson, Sidney Price, Mary Hoyle and Mrs. Hortense Forbes. The ladies present during the afternoon were: Mesdames, John W. Harrison, William C. Little, Howard Elliot, Hugh McKittrick, Western Bascome, Wallace Simmons, Ed Simmons, Howard Benoist, George Niedringhaus, Peter L. Foy, Huntington Smith, Arthur Gale, Joel Wood, William Bagnell, Franklin Ferris, Charles Clark, William E. Hoblitzelle, Ashley D. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. C. Lucas, of 4495 West Pine Boulevard, gave a handsome reception Wednesday evening in honor of the debut of their daughter, Miss Francine Lucas. T. guests were invited between the hours of eight and eleven o'clock, and both ladies and gentlemen were present. The house was beautifully decorated, and masses of flowers arranged through the spacious rooms. Mr. and Mrs. Lucas received with their daughter. She was gowned in white. The skirt was of duchess satin en train covered with triple skirts of chiffon which we finished around the bottom with three flounces of the chiffon each of which was edged with a ruching of satin ribbon. The bodice was low and falling off the shoulders. On either shoulder were caught bunches of white liberty gauze Chrysanthemums. A necklace and suit pearls was worn, which are heirlooms in the family, and in her dark hair were twined rows of pearls. She carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses. Mrs. Lucas wore an impromptu toilette of pale pink silk, veiled in crepe chine of the same shade. The skirt was slightly trailing, and trimmed with a circular flounce, ornamented with Arabian lace. The bodice was high, and had a chic bolero of Arabian lace, over a full gilet of pale pink chiffon. Diamonds sparkled in the corsage also in the coiffure. The serving was done by a number of young ladies assisted by attendant cavaliers. They were: Misses Josephine Walz, Mimi Berthold, Eugenia Coale, Stella Walsh, Helen Dillon, Florence Gilmore, and Messrs. John Bull, Arthur Kelley, Jr., Will Douglas, Ralph Coale. Assisting Mrs. Lucas were Mr. and Mrs. J. V. S. Barrett, Joseph D. Lucas, M. B. Peugnet, James H. Lucas, and F. W. Sawye. Among the guests who gathered to be present to the pretty debutante were Mr. and Mrs. Amanda W. Reyburn, Julius Walsh, V. S. Peugnet, B. Johnson, William Lucas, Robert Lucas, Alonzo Church, Charles Bland Smith, Arthur P. Kelle, Cliff Scudder, S. M. Kennard, Hamilton Daughaday, J. G. Butler, Thomas Niedringhaus, Sarpy Berthold, James Brookmire, Ben Behr, Roger Scudder, J. B. Case, P. C. Maffitt, Wilson Hunt, Perry Francis, Otto Forster, Charles Hoyle, J. B. Gilmore, John P. Bryson, Edward Bull, Clark Carr, D. Dillon, J. L. D. Morrison and Annie King. Misses Ellen Humphreys Walsh, Charles Michel, Marie Von Phil, Clara Bain, Clemence Clark, Henrietta Bull, Bessie Drew, Mary Gilmore, Olivia Ghio, Hazel Jackson, Mary Sawyer, Sa Lees Kennard, Mary Kennard, Marian Hudson, Julia Knapp, Adrienne Lucas, Virginia Sanford, Mary Boyce, Lucy Scudder, Josephine Lee, Lillie Coale, Edith Collins, Hallie Bayle, Katharine Johnson, Amy

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## FROM SCOUT TO SENATOR.

Scout, cavalryman, miner, farmer, stock-raiser, politician—all these vocations in turn have been followed by Mr. George L. Shoup, United States Senator from Idaho. Senator Shoup is a typical product of the strenuous life of the great West, and has had a most interesting career. He was born in a little Pennsylvania town, in 1836, and went with his father to Illinois in 1856. In 1859 he went to Colorado, and there his active life-work began. He plunged into mining and business life and kept at it until interrupted by the Civil War.

He enlisted in a company of scouts, and his energy attracted such attention that he was promptly commissioned a second lieutenant. The scouting led him on long journeys through the mountain country of Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico, in the course of which he had many hairbreadth escapes. He rose rapidly in the service until he was made Colonel of a Colorado regiment.—*Saturday Evening Post.*



Servant: "Shall I leave the hall-lamp burning?" Mrs. Jaggsby:—"No; Mr. Jaggsby won't be home until daylight. He kissed me five times before he left this morning, and gave me a five-dollar bill for a new net."

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THE FIRST QUARREL.—The Bride (from Chicago:) "This is my fourth bridal tour." The Groom: "Well, I hope it will be your last one." The Bride (bursting into tears:) "You selfish thing?"

## NEW BOOKS.

"Songs of North and South" is the title of a volume of poems by Walter Malone, author of "Songs of Dusk and Dawn." Some of these poems have appeared before, in *Harper's Weekly*, *The Arena*, *The Outlook* etc., but of the four-score many are published for the first time. Mr. Malone is a poet of the Southland. There is a warmth and vivacity in his lyrics that is eloquent of the place of his birth, and "from the abundance of the heart" he sings. Such pieces as "Florida Nocturne," "Mississippi in June," etc., could only have been written *con amore*. As he sings of "Mississippi in June," he sees, "like a flurry of tulips with wings" (to use his own phrase) the tanagers, red-birds, martins, indigo-birds and gold-finches. Furthermore, Flora displays her treasures "with pansies aglow, peonies ablaze," magnolias, iris and the crape myrtle. But the poet is not only eloquent of birds, fruits and flowers of the Sunny South; he takes his reader with him to New York City, "the giant empress of the Western world" and can sing tunefully on such themes as "Union Square," "A Retrospect at the Elevated Station," and "Alone in New York." And there are other themes, love songs, many, apparently, biographical. It is not possible that the average poet shall collect eighty poems each of equal poetic value. And Mr. Malone's "Songs" are no exception to this rule. Some of them are instinct with the true poet's fervor, imbued with real feeling and are therefore poetry. Others are more artificial and, by comparison, commonplace. To the lover of poetry Mr. Malone's songs will taken as a whole, assuredly appeal, for the qualities of sincerity and naturalness combined with the rhythmic genius of expression have never failed to win recognition from those whose souls are attuned to poetry. Mr. Malone's work, at its best, is not to be surpassed by that of any of our contemporaneous singers. His best is found in his Southern poems. When he writes "occasional" verses he meets the usual fate of the "occasionalist," he either goes above or falls beneath the occasion, and the reader's view of the importance of the occasion may determine. When he ventures upon the topical, as in the poem "In Praise of Myself," he is very happy. Altogether Mr. Malone's verse is pleasing and rises at times to warm, colorful beauty and vigorous strength. (John P. Morton & Co., publishers, Louisville, Ky.)

"Excursions" is a collection of short poems by William Griffith. With a few exceptions each poem consists of four lines printed on the page—a rather odd conceit—but pleasant, as there is wide margin and ample room for the thought suggested by the verse. That some of the themes treated by Griffith may have been more worthily expressed by others does not diminish the fact that he possesses originality and the rhythmic power of expression in an eminent degree. One can trace here and there the influence of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam," not, of course, in the quatrain form as in the broad treatment of the things of life and trait character. In his rosary of verses entitled "Masters," Mr. Griffith groups Shakespeare, Walt Whitman, Dante, Omar Khayyam,

Edward Fitzgerald and Keats—and in the above order; a rather odd combination, perhaps, but the sentiment in each instance is poetic and apposite. Taken all in all, Mr. Griffith's little poems will appeal to lovers of poetry, especially to those "who best can gauge a poet's worth," those *viz.*, who have themselves essayed the Parnassian heights with labors of their own. Mr. Griffith is especially to be congratulated upon some excellent achievement, in this volume, in the way of condensation of words for expressing largeness of thought. The book is a beautiful specimen of printing. [Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co., Publishers, Kansas City, Mo.]

## LITERARY NOTES.

A popular account of the circumstances which led up to the existing crisis in the Far East will be found in "The Story of the Chinese Crisis," by Alexis Krausse. It is published by Cassell & Co. Price \$1.00.

Speaking to the students of the Burlington School, a seminary for young women, the Bishop of London advised them to read three books written before 1800 for every one written since that date.

The Rt. Hon. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," was a minister in two of Mr. Gladstone's cabinets, and always one of his most intimate friends. He has written for *The Youth's Companion* a graphic description of the great statesman's vigorous personality, and gives some entirely new anecdotes of him.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

DEFEATING GOOD ENDS.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Your article on the Public Welfare Movement is well-directed. This movement is good enough as far as it goes, but it seems to me that it stops pretty nearly at the point where our emergency begins. Such an organization might be of great assistance to the right kind of an administration, but the thing which is now pressing is to get that kind of an administration. While these gentlemen at the Mercantile Club are busy elaborating plans for improvements, the bosses are busy around the corners and up the dark alleys and will soon have up tickets to suit themselves. Nothing could more completely play into their hands than to have these men, who might have been dangerous to them, organized and pledged not to interfere in politics. From the bosses standpoint it is a master-stroke. The original object seems to have been to checkmate the Independent Movement, and, as you say, it is liable to result in the election of as bad a gang as ever ruled this city. The time for making nominations is now so short that there is not much room for hope. The Welfarers propose to replenish the Treasury by increased taxation, but the course they are pursuing will leave the leak, which are of more importance, wide open.

W. M. H.

Jan. 5, 1901.

SEATS AT THE THEATRE.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

If consistent with your own ideas, I wish you would "go out" for the Olympic Theatre for the manner in which they are treating the amusement-loving people. The sale of the Mansfield seats was advertised for last Thursday at 9 o'clock. I went there at 2 o'clock the same day, and, after standing in line ten or fifteen minutes, I was informed by the clerk that there was not a single seat left for Monday night, (the night I wanted to go), except back of the fourth row in the dress circle. I immediately went over to the Southern Hotel and found bunches of the most desirable seats for every night. I was compelled to pay \$2.50 each for two seats for Monday night.

This has happened to me a number of times, and it looks to me as if there was collusion between the ticket office at the Olympic and the Southern Hotel news stand. This is a small matter, but it is not right, and I hardly think Mr. Pat Short would knowingly be a party to a small swindle of this kind.

Yours very truly,

J. H. M.

Jan. 5, 1901.

THOMPSON'S TOURS TO OLD MEXICO.

An elegant special Pullman train leaves St. Louis via the Iron Mountain Route, Wednesday, February 27th, train consisting of six cars; composite car, dining car, compartment sleeping cars, drawing-room car, and library and observation car. Thirty-four hundred miles of travel in Mexico, and on into Tropical Mexico. Six full days in Mexico, at finest hotel. All large cities of Mexico visited. The most complete tour, and the finest Pullman train ever sent to Old Mexico. Address inquiries at once to R. G. Thompson, P. & T. A., Fort Wayne, Indiana, or to H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis.

When Nasr-ed-Din, the father of the present Shah, made his memorable tour of the principal European capitals, some years ago, he visited King Leopold of Belgium at the Chateau de Laeken. When he saw the Queen surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting, the old Shah said to the King:—"Your harem, sire?" The question so took the King by surprise that he did not for a moment reply, and the Shah, taking his silence for consent, looked critically along the line, and added, mildly but decidedly, "You will have to renew it."

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EVOLUTION OF A MUSICIAN.

She rested her chin in the palm of her hand and re-read the paragraph that decided the fate of the young musician.

"From a technical point of view his playing was perfect. He unraveled every sort of musical complication with refinement and finish. In fact, I do not remember any player, except possibly Paderewski, whose hands are capable of such cunning. He has the outward equipment of his profession at his fingers' ends, but the sense of the psychic in music is undeveloped. His playing is without soul and his shades of expression are evidently the result of a careful study of the pedal. When he has experienced emotions he may be able to transmit them. Until then he will remain simply a prodigy in technique."

A slow, strange smile appeared to creep up from her lips to her eyes. Then she went to her desk and wrote a short note. She was called an unprincipled woman by the women of her set. It was because many men had loved her. She thought of this as she wrote the young musician's name on the envelope, and the smile crept up again into her eyes and lingered there.

It was a cosy tea party. She presided, seated in a small chair, with a daintily appointed table drawn up to her side. There were several artists, several musicians and one or two literary men. The young musician was there. He was a frequent caller now. His glance wandered from her dark hair to her eyes, dreamily lustrous. For the first time in his life he noticed the white slope of a woman's shoulder and the swift, graceful turn of a wrist. She felt his eyes upon her. The light appeared to sweep up from her lips. He imagined what it would be like to hold her hand, to break through the stately exclusiveness of her womanhood, and to press his lips against hers while he crushed her to him. He leaned over her chair. She felt his breath on her hair. A delicate tremor seized her. Her lips parted. For a moment her power of speech faltered. She felt that a man's passion had been born.

She sat in the silence of her own room. There was a smile in her eyes as she read what a famous musical critic had said of the young musician:

"There is in his playing a musical intelligence and a sympathetic quality which appeal to every sensitive person. Combined with this he possesses an impressionistic charm and the power of bringing out the inner expression of ideality in the great masterpieces. His is piano playing that will set the world on fire."

She wondered, as she laid down the paper, if she were, after all, what the women of her set had called her—an unprincipled woman. They were saying that she had broken his heart. But she had given to the world a genius.—*Town Topics.*

WEARS BRANN'S MANTLE.

A new magazine entitled *The Twentieth Century* has made its appearance. As becomes the latest aspirant for public favor, its trend is to radical forms of expression on all matters which it touches, the vigorous—not to say strenuous—style of editorial that won such approval when the late Mr. Brann edited the *Iconoclast*. A guarantee of the literary quality of *The Twentieth Century* is afforded by the fact that its conductor, Mr. William H. Ward, is well and appreciatively known to St. Louisians by the excellent work he did as a member of the editorial staff of the *Globe-Democrat*. He was the business manager for Mr. Brann's famous publication, was with "the Apostle" at the time the latter was assassinated and himself was seriously wounded in that memorable affray. With a programme embracing the exploitation of the flagrant evils the public suffers and the unsparing prosecution of shams and false issues the new magazine will undoubtedly soon find its public and it will be one that will "grow by what it feeds on." The typographical appearance of *The Twentieth Century* leaves nothing to be desired, and the price (ten cents,) is one that will commend it to the general reading public. Mr. Ward is the only one of numerous "succes-

sors" of Brann that knows what Brann's mantle was and how to wear it without being absurd. He knew Brann's ultimate ends, from long association with him, and will pursue them with an equal, albeit different, ability and enthusiasm. *The Twentieth Century* is published at Texarkana, Ark.

THE CHARITIES CONFERENCE.

The annual session of the Missouri Conference of Charities and Corrections will be held at the Y. M. C. A. Building, corner of Grand and Franklin avenues, to-day and to-morrow. The opening session will commence at 2.30 o'clock this (Thursday) afternoon. The Right Rev. Bishop Tuttle will deliver the address of welcome. At the evening session, 8 p. m., reports of the State Board of Charities and Corrections will be read and acted upon. At the three sessions to-morrow addresses will be delivered by various State superintendents followed by discussion on improved methods in the treatment of the inmates of eleemosynary institution of the States. These conferences cannot fail to be of great interest to all interested in the sociological problems of the day and it is hoped there will be a large attendance of such.

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MOTHER: Willie, did the grocer tell you these eggs were fresh? Willie: "He didn't say, but he told me to hurry home with them."

Mr. Homely is not a beauty, and he knows it. When his first baby was born he asked, "Does it look like me?" Of course they said, "Yes." "Well," said he, "you must break it to my wife gently."

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## MUSIC.

DER FREISCHUETZ.

The Castle Square Company has succeeded in renovating and patching many old operas which they have dug out, dust laden and moth-eaten, from top shelves to which they have been relegated these many years and so may eventually manage to repopularize Von Weber's "Der Freischuetz." At present it would not seem that the efforts of the management have been entirely successful, though every advantage is taken of scenic possibilities. The music—a fine example of the school to which it belongs—is readily made presentable to a twentieth century audience, but the effects of the dust and the moths are not easily removed from the libretto. It is silly and hopelessly antiquated and contains little to interest or attract an audience of the present day.

The company, too, has little opportunity to shine in this work. The choristers caper about in the first act and the principals have some grateful singing to do, but of this there is not enough. Luckstone is on for fifteen minutes at the rise of the curtain with the chorus and then is not seen again. Berthald and Clarke, the *Max* and *Caspar* of Monday night, finish the act.

The second act reveals Maude Lillian Berri sewing and Louise Cylva, cruelly mis-cast, struggling to appear sprightly. Miss Cylva, further attempting the impossible, is at times audible but never intelligible, in music wholly unsuited to her voice, and the energetic Berri sings with splendid effect the popular recitative and aria mutilated so frequently by sopranos of questionable ability. This music shows Miss Berri at her best and it is decidedly worth while to drop in at Music Hall to hear her sing it.

The third act is given over to the orchestra, the electrician and the fire-works manufacturer. Many and varied are the mechanical effects, all of which would have been far more thrilling had not the inconsiderately illuminative flashes of lightning revealed so plainly the net work of wires on which they are operated.

However, even though they were shown how the tricks were done, many of the spectators found the fire-breathing boards, red-eyed owls, dragons, fire-flies, burning hoops and rain of fire, amazing and awe inspiring.

More principals then get their innings. Mertens sings some, and Francis Rogers is on for fifteen minutes before the final fall of the curtain.

Changes in the cast bring on Miss Norwood, Miss Rennyson and Delamotta.

The spirit of change hovers over the Castle Square Company. The disbanding of the Grau-Savage Metropolitan Company is responsible. The tactful Manager Southwell is non-committal, but it is known that many of the present company will be let out in a few weeks and new people and old favorites come to take their places. Barron Berthald, Wm. Wegener, Mertens, Francis Rogers, Louise Cylva, Eleanor Kent and "others" shortly sever their connection with the company, and among the new comers are Philip Brozel of European fame, Clarence Whitehill, a phenomenal basso, William Paull, baritone, Lempriere Bringle, and Winifred Goff. Joseph Sheehan comes to remain most of the season and probably Phoebe Strakosh. Zelig de Lussan will be heard here frequently, as will also D'Aubigne, the tenor, Grace Van Studdiford and Kate Condon. Then the inimitable Edward P. Temple will take charge of the stage here

and will again give us a great acting as well as singing chorus, so a great treat may be looked for and Music Hall ought to be packed to the doors at every performance.

THOMAS AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

The two concerts by the Thomas Orchestra last week were the musical event of the season. The professional and amateur music devotee had a feast such as is rarely spread before him in this burg. Two great programmes were greatly performed. Unqualified praise only is possible of Thomas and his orchestra. If there were flaws they were not to be detected by the naked ear. Greater perfection in orchestral work seems almost impossible to conceive. Certain hypercritical, bad-livered people insist that the greater leader lacked spontaneity in his work, but to normal mortals this was not apparent.

His readings of the various works presented, prove him to be a classicist of rare calibre and also that he is *en rapport* with the ultra-modern impressionist school. He is probably the only conductor of the present day who is a purist where his Beethoven and Mozart are concerned, who interprets the old works in the old way, and still absorbs the spirit of the new school. A truly remarkable musician and remarkable man! His bearing while on the platform enhances the reverence his achievement inspires. He is nothing of a poseur. Unostentatious, calm, dignified, the great leader illustrates forcibly the power of repose.

And the material he has to work with! The men are artists one and all and in perfect harmony with their leader and with each other. Changes are few in the personnel of this organization and most of these musicians have worked together ever since the orchestra has been in existence.

The Odeon was about three-fourths full at the concerts and there is a deficit of about \$600.00. This is unfortunate, but still, encouraging. The expense of this enterprise is enormous and the guarantors looked for something of this kind and probably consider themselves lucky that the amount is not greater. There are some sixty guarantors who divide this amount, so the loss to each is nominal. About six years ago a distinguished music patron of this city brought the Thomas orchestra here on her own responsibility and herself paid the deficit on the concert, amounting to several hundred dollars, without a murmur, and, therefore, the gentlemen who formed the guarantee fund will pay up cheerfully and, it is to be hoped, try again. A. C. W.

## HOW SHE DID IT.

One day a charming woman of the world awakened to the fact that she was growing old. She looked unflinchingly in her mirror, and met the irrefutable evidence that she was growing a trifle stout, the visible effect of over-eating. She saw, furthermore, that unmistakable evidence of coming age, a double chin. She had the courage to inspect more closely, and found that her skin was growing positively coarse and full of pimples underneath the surface. She noted with dismay that a fine network of wrinkles, "crow's feet," framed a pair of eyes that looked back at her from between two heavy lids. She commenced with her diet, and tabooed sweets, starchy foods, butter, pastry, and all meats excepting fowl and fresh fish. She took up physical culture, and just after a hot bath and a thorough

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rubbing down with a rough towel each night, she gave herself a half-hour's exercise. She retired at exactly half-past nine, and slept the sleep of the just until half-past eight the next morning. The first thing after rising she would get into a hot bath, then under a cold shower bath. Then, after another brisk rubbing down, she would get into light, warm underwear and a bath robe, drink a cup of chocolate, eat fruit—preferably acid fruit, and without sugar. Later she would dress and go for a brisk walk of two hours. In the afternoon she made or received calls or looked after a few of her erstwhile numerous duties. She banished tea, coffee, light wine, and all stimulating drinks from her table. For her face she used almond meal preferably to soap, and this she thoroughly rinsed off with cold water. Occasionally after moistening her face with a few drops of rose water she dusted on a little prepared chalk. After three months of strict adherence to these self-imposed rules she awakened one day to find herself in possession of a smooth, clear skin, free from wrinkles and pimples, and a pair of bright eyes that looked out from a fairly young face.

## IMPERIAL NECKTIES.

One of the Kaiser's chief delights, says *Cassell's Journal*, is in collecting ties and scarves of all ages, of all patterns, and of all countries. He has no fewer than eighteen thousand ties and bows of different descriptions. When he was last in England the Emperor one morning came down to breakfast at Sandringham wearing a most gorgeous, many-colored tie. On asking the Prince of Wales, who is known to have very quiet taste in this article of dress, as to what he thought of his tie, the Prince replied good-naturedly:—"Well, now you have asked my opinion I will give it you quite frankly. We are such old friends that I am sure I shall not offend you. Should plain Mr. Robinson wear such a tie as yours in this country, it would be called 'deucedly vulgar'; should a Duke or an ordinary Prince wear it, it would be called 'striking'; but when it pleases the German Emperor to

honor such a mixture, it is called 'rich and original.'"

## GRACE IN A RESTAURANT.

"It's surprising how many of the people who eat here say grace at the table," said the cashier of a restaurant, recently. "I notice it dozens of times a day. It's not at all a mere matter of habit with most of those who observe the custom, either. We have lots of patrons coming here regularly through the week for lunch who wouldn't think of beginning a meal without the ceremony. There are others, of course, who are accustomed to saying grace at home, and involuntarily go through the custom here, but I can pick them out from the conscientious class by the embarrassed way they peep around, as if they had made a 'break.' There's no occasion for them to worry, however, because our regular patrons are used to the ceremony now, and take but little notice of those who preface their meals with it. When I first came here it was quite a novelty to me, but I soon got accustomed to looking on it as part of the programme."

EVEN CHANCES:—*Bystander*: "Poor fellow! One of his wounds is mortal, I believe." *Policeman*: "So it is; but the other wan ain't, so he has an even chance."—*Philadelphia Press*.

*Bixby*: "So you asked the old gent for Ethel's hand, eh? Well, how did you come out?" *Lothario*: "I don't distinctly remember. I think it was through the window, however."

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840—1901.



## AT THE PLAY.

"MADAME BUTTERFLY"—"NAUGHTY ANTHONY"

"Madame Butterfly" and "Naughty Anthony" are the two plays presented to patrons of the Century Theater this week.

The first-named is immeasurably the superior play, although it is, at times, dragging to a painful extent. It centers about the cruel deception of a confiding Japanese girl by an American naval officer, who, after a love-intermezzo of short duration, returns to the United States, where he marries an American girl, and is trying to forget the girl in Japan. A few years after his marriage, his ship visits the shores of Japan once more. *Madame Butterfly*, who had all along been confident that her lover would return, anxiously awaits his arrival, but he fails to visit her. The true state of affairs at last dawning upon her, *Madame Butterfly* puts an end to her misery by resorting to the dagger. It is a simple, yet, taken as a whole, an interesting story.

Valerie Bergere, as the unfortunate victim of *Lieutenant Pinkerton*, displays considerable ability and carefully avoids the pit-falls of exaggeration and bathos. Helena Phillips gives a good representation of the faithful maid. Claude Hillingwater, as the American consul, is indifferent; he lacks technical finish. The mounting of the play is very beautiful. The various changes of scenery and light-effects are alone worth seeing.

"Naughty Anthony" is very naughty, indeed. The play abounds in highly suggestive and very objectionable phrases. The plot hardly rises to the dignity of absurdity. Why such silly things should be presented on the stage of the Century Theater is a mystery. There is a libidinous display of hosiery and petticoats, which seems to meet with the unqualified approval of the occupants of the bald-head row. Charles T. Evans appears as the lecherous, Don Juanesque Professor of Moral Culture. F. A. H.

## COMING ATTRACTIONS.

"Rob Roy," the popular opera for which Harry B. Smith wrote the book and Reginald DeKoven composed the score, is the Castle Square attraction at Music Hall for the week beginning January 14th and it will receive its first adequate local presentation at the hands of Mr. Savage's organization. "Rob Roy" tells a partly historical and wholly amusing story of the Scottish Highlands, in which a dozen or so distinctly drawn characters are introduced with fetching results in both song and recital. The cast calls for William Pruette as Rob Roy McGregor; Maude Lillian Berri as Janet; Reginald Roberts as Prince Charles; Frances Graham as Flora MacDonald; Frank Moulton as Mayor MacWhieble; Francis J. Boyle as Lochiel; Gertrude Quinlan as Capt. Sheridan; Arthur Wooley as Town Crier MacSherry; Lawrence Wilbur as Tammas MacSorlie; Cora Spiceras Nelly of "The Crown and Thistle," and quite a number of capable stage-folk in the minor characters. Stage-setting and costumes are new and the entire production will be given every attribute of novelty. Scenic artist Ritter has produced entirely new sets for each of the three acts of the opera. Director Liesegang and his instrumentalists will take good care of the orchestral features. "Rob Roy," with its lighter vein, follows very appropriately after a season of "Lohengrin" and "Freischuetz," and will doubtless serve to further please Manager Southwell's much diversified clientele.

At the Olympic, next week, "Sag Harbor!" This is the play that, while you watch it, makes you totally forgetful that you are in a theatre. It is acted by its author, Mr. James A. Hearne. Mr. Hearne is an American Ibsen, without going to gloom for all his inspiration. The realism he indulges in is all clean. The people he brings before the public are people one can love. Scenically, "Sag Harbor" is taken from the life of the quaint place that gives the play its title.

The whole play creates a complete illusion, and a pronouncedly pleasant one, upon the whole. It will be one of the big successes of the season and seats will be on sale to-day.

"The Girl from Maxim's" will be seen again at the Century next week, beginning Sunday evening. Every theatre goer knows the play, and all who like that sort of thing like it immensely. The production has all sorts of Frenchy ginger in it. Miss Hattie Williams will be The Girl. She is said to be clever. The Criterion Theatre scenery will be used. A big, strong company is presenting the play.

Hurtig & Seamon's "Bowery Burlesquers" have been attracting crowded houses at the new Standard since Sunday. Their two funny pieces "Chop Souy" and "The Shiek Slave" have kept the audiences in a roar from first to last. With the matinee next Sunday the "Merry Maiden" Burlesquers will be the purveyors of what is rich, rare and racy in the line of amusements. They are not strangers in St. Louis and, as their fame deserves, will no doubt fill the theatre to its limits.

## "DON'T MENTION IT."

Two men collided in the lobby of a downtown office building yesterday. Each turned to the other and said, politely. "I beg your pardon, sir." Then each of the two stood for a moment, as if he thought some response ought to be made to the other's apology, but both plunged on in their respective ways without saying anything.

"Now, there," said a philosophical person, who had seen the incident, as he button-holed a friend and started with him down the street, "is a good example of the poverty of the English language in one particular. The average man finds himself at a loss for suitable reply when somebody begs his pardon. I know there are a number of expressions, such as 'Don't mention it,' 'Entirely my fault' and 'It's nothing,' but none of these ever seems to me to be just pat. Of course if a man has unintentionally done you a real injury, for which he apologizes, you can say, 'I assure you, sir, you have done no harm which cannot easily be repaired,' or something like that, but nine times out of ten an apology is made for some trivial thing like that harmless bump together in the crowd which we just saw back yonder. In such a case, if the man to whom the apology is made goes into an elaborate acknowledgment of the other's courtesy, he makes himself ridiculous, and if he says 'It's nothing,' or 'Not at all,' he offers an insult by implying that the other man doesn't know when an apology is due. I dare say there are Chesterfields to whose lips the correct and fitting response for each different occasion arises instinctively, but the average American citizen is not a Chesterfield, and he generally says, 'That's all right,' which I consider little less offensive than 'Excuse me.' As for the man who says 'Don't mention it,' I have no words to express my—"

"That's all right," said the person to whom this burst of eloquence was addressed, "but you've carried me past my office already."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the philosopher.

"Don't mention it," said the other.—N. Y. Sun.

One day, at a large family dinner, Pasteur called the attention of those present to the danger of imbibing germs while eating fruit, and to impress the necessity of caution upon his hearers washed his bunch of grapes in a glass of water. After he had finished the grapes and had forgotten his little speech, being thirsty, he drank from the glass in

We have just had prepared by an expert accountant a brief condensed statement of the principal acre and lot transactions in which we have been engaged during the past eight years of panic and business depression.

The figures are accurately and impartially set down; not intended for publication at first; we just wanted to know for ourselves: see it all together.

We have put the figures and a few words of explanation into a circular, to be sent to those who are interested in knowing what can be done in Chicago real estate investments, when they are handled right. The circular will cause some regret to those who have had a chance to join us in some of these transactions and didn't; but it is sent chiefly as a demonstration of the soundness of our argument that no investment—in business, stocks, bonds, manufacturing,—anything—is anywhere near as profitable as investment in Chicago real estate.

We shall be glad to send this circular to you on request.

CAMPBELL INVESTMENT COMPANY  
110 LA SALLE STREET  
Chicago

which the grapes had been washed, thereby arousing much merriment among the irreverent youngsters present.

If you have old-fashioned diamond jewelry you can have the diamonds remounted in the latest designs by expert diamond setters in Mermod & Jaccard's jewelry factory, Broadway and Locust.

## CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

Mr. George Smith, the venerable head of the famous Cornhill publishing house, Smith, Elder and Co., has much that is interesting to say (in a recent article) of Charlotte Bronte, who, in modern phrase, was "discovered" by his firm, and whose relations with the Smith family added much happiness to a life full of tragedy and pathos. Anne Bronte is depicted as "a gentle, quiet, rather subdued person, by no means pretty, yet of a pleasing appearance." Charlotte's portrait is sketched more fully:—"I must confess that my first impression of Charlotte Bronte's personal appearance was that it was interesting rather than attractive. She was very small, and had a quaint, old-fashioned look. Her head seemed too large for her body. She had fine eyes, but her face was marred by the shape of the mouth and by her complexion. There was but little feminine charm about her; and of this fact she herself was uneasily and perpetually conscious. It may seem strange that the possession of genius did not lift her above the weakness of an excessive anxiety about her personal appearance. But I believe she would have given all her genius and her fame to have been beautiful. Perhaps few women ever existed more anxious to be pretty than she, or more angrily conscious of the circumstance that she was not pretty."

## DOOLEY ON WHISKEY.

"'Whisky is called th' divle, because 'tis wan iv th' fallen angels,' he says. 'It has its place,' he says, 'but its place is not in a man's head,' says he. 'It ought to be th' reward iv action, not th' cause iv it,' he says. 'It's f'r th' end iv th' day, not th' beginnin',' he says. 'Hot whisky is good f'r a cold heart, an' no whisky's good f'r a hot head,' he says. 'Th' minyit a man relies on it f'r a crutch he loses th' use iv his legs. 'Tis a bad thing to stand on, a good thing to sleep on, a good thing to talk on, a bad thing to think on. If it's in th' head in th' mornin' it ought not to be in th' mouth at night. If it laughs in ye, dhrink; if it weeps, swear off. It makes some men talk like good women an' some women talk like bad men. It is a livin' f'r orators an' th' death iv book-keepers. It doesn't sustain life, but when taken hot with wather, a lump iv sugar, a piece iv lemon peel, an' just the dustin' iv a nutmeg-grater, it makes life sustainable.'"

A F. AND CRITIC:—*Wife of His Bosom*: "Lovely, dear, lovely! But I think those sheep look too much like clouds—er—that is—of course—darling—unless they are clouds."—*Life*.

## How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WARDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.



## THE STOCK MARKET.

Wall street speculation is running riot. The higher prices go, the wilder becomes the desire of the public to share in the good things promised by the cliques. Fortunes are now being lost and won within the space of a day. Advances of from 6 to 8 points daily are common occurrences, and do not excite much comment any more. The "oldest inhabitant" of Wall street admits that scenes like the present have not been witnessed for many years. All records are being smashed, and, if one may believe current gossip and predictions, the end has not yet been seen, by any means. The other day, when it became known that the Bank of England had raised its rate of discount to five per cent., owing to a shrinkage in its reserves of almost startling dimensions, prices dropped from five to six points within a few hours, and the market revealed a good many vulnerable and dangerous spots. The bull leaders, however, did not allow of any interference with their plans; they promptly came to the rescue, and, selecting St. Paul as their trump-card, succeeded in bringing about another wild upward movement and in reviving the somewhat jaded public spirit.

As things now stand, little or no attention is being paid to anything but rumors of "deals." Every other day, Wall street is regaling the public with stories of a new consolidation or absorption. The speculative mind has been wrought up to such a fine frenzy that it is prone to believe anything and everything. There is no rumor so wild or silly but it receives earnest attention, and is acted upon with child-like confidence. The bears are, seemingly, willing to give the bulls all the rope they want; they are patiently biding their time. Past experience has taught them that it is no use trying to stem a speculative bull mania, led by the most powerful interests in Wall street. It is now well-known that the Morgan-Hill-Rockefeller-Vanderbilt people have combined their resources and are determined to attain their objects, regardless of cost or consequences.

There is no need of dwelling on intrinsic value, or dividend prospects, in the present state of excitement. Stocks are being bought "on general principles;" it is everybody's gamble and one man's guess is as good as another's. The speculative public is acting like a mob, and, for this reason, nobody can predict what it is going to do, or where it will stop. Conservative traders who are deprecating the present orgies and uttering warnings are laughed at; there is no demand for Cassandra prophecies. Nothing goes but bull talk; to talk about a break is regarded as almost a criminal act. Such important matters as the rise in the Bank of England rate, or the prospect of gold exports within a few weeks, are entirely ignored. According to bull gospel, there is nothing in sight to cause any serious decline. As a certain Boston broker expresses it, "Wall street looks like a fool's paradise."

The sensation of the past week was the report that the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Companies had secured control of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, by purchasing a majority of the stock. It is intimated that holders of St. Paul common will be guaranteed 6 per cent for two years and 7 per cent thereafter. Up to this writing, the deal has not been officially confirmed, but the speculative community has made up its mind that there can be no further doubt about it. It is also said that Mr. J. J. Hill,

of the Great Northern, will be elected a director of the St. Paul system, in the place of Mr. P. D. Armour, who died a few days ago.

There is a well-defined impression that Morgan and Hill are trying to establish a vast trans-continental railway system, embracing the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Erie and Baltimore & Ohio. Mr. Hill is a director of the last-named road, and very enthusiastic regarding its future and the value of its securities. That some alliance is contemplated cannot be doubted, in view of the sensational advance in the securities of all the companies named, during the past two months. Baltimore & Ohio common, a 4 per cent stock, has risen to 94, the highest price in its history, and the buying emanated from very good sources. Irrespective of rumors of deals, the stock is worth its current price; it will undoubtedly cross 100 in the near future, as the earnings are sufficient to pay a dividend of 10 per cent on it. Mr. Hill is authority for the prediction that Northern Pacific common will cross 100; it sold at 90 a few days ago. It is doubtful, however, if any experienced and cautious investor will act on Mr. Hill's prophecy. Northern Pacific common is a 4 per cent stock, at least it is supposed to be, but the company is earning only about 1 per cent in excess of the 4 per cent, and, for this reason, the stock cannot be regarded as a good investment at present prices. Of course, nobody is able to foretell what effect the contemplated amalgamation, after consummation, will have upon the earnings of the Northern Pacific and other interested properties.

There are now rumors afloat that the Rock Island will absorb the Mexican Central. The rumors are receiving a good deal of credence, although the President of the Rock Island system, Mr. Purdy, has come out with a strong denial of any absorption schemes. The stock, however, was boosted from 121 to 123 $\frac{1}{4}$ , or about six points above the highest level of 1899. In sympathy with Rock Island, Burlington rose to 148 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; the highest point in 1899 was 149 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The friends of both stocks are confident that still higher prices will be seen before the present bull campaign has run its course.

All the anthracite coal stocks gave a good account of themselves, some of them selling at the highest prices on record. Activity was very pronounced in Reading, Erie, Ontario & Western, Jersey Central, Delaware & Hudson and Delaware, L. & Western issues. The bulls have everything their own way, and hint at important developments in the next few weeks. The controlling interest in the Jersey Central has been bought by J. P. Morgan in the interest of the Reading, and this caused a rise in Jersey Central stock to 160, and in Reading first preferred to 77, in the second preferred to 47 and the common to 36.

The directors of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co., caused a little excitement by passing the dividend on the stock, which had heretofore been on a basis of 8 per cent. The earnings of the property are steadily decreasing, and the passing of the dividend could not be avoided. The action of the directors caused a break of almost ten points in the price of the shares, which cannot be considered as a cheap proposition at anything above 40. The public should, however, refrain from selling the stock for short account; it is dangerous stuff, and controlled by one of the most conscienceless crowds in Wall street.

The U. S. Rubber Co. has also disap-

## Music Hall.

### Castle Sq. Opera Co.

Carl Maria Von Weber's

## Der Freischuetz

With its Unique and Spectacular Electric Effects and a Great Cast of American Singers, Increased Orchestra and Enlarged Chorus.

**NEXT WEEK,** { The Tuneful and Diverting } **ROB ROY**

Jan. 14-19,

**ST. LOUIS CHORAL-SYMPHONY SOCIETY**  
Thursday Evening, January 10, 8:15 P. M., at the ODEON.

## GRAND SYMPHONY CONCERT.

SOLOIST, MR. SOL. MARCOSSON, VIOLINIST.

Parquet, \$1.50; Balcony, first two rows, \$1.00; remainder, 75c. Tickets at Bollman's.

## The New STANDARD 14th and Locust Street.

FORMERLY 14TH ST. THEATER.

THIS WEEK,

## BOWERY BURLESQUERS.

NEXT WEEK.

## MERRY MAIDENS.

pointed holders of its stock, by reducing the dividend on the preferred from 8 to 4 per cent. per annum. The shares fell from 82 to 66, while the common, after rising to 35, fell to 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The dividends on the preferred stock are cumulative. It is still the general belief that the various rubber concerns in the country will soon be amalgamated, as the law of self-preservation demands it. Competition has been very ruinous to the trust, and its earnings are steadily shrinking.

### LOCAL SECURITIES.

The local bond and stock market was characterized by unusual strength and considerable activity in the past week. Almost every issue on the list scored an advance. Bank and Trust Company shares were in strong demand, some of them establishing new high records. Mississippi Valley Trust Co., has risen to 326 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Lincoln Trust to 156, and Mercantile Trust to 272 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Investors seem to be fond of Trust Company stocks and willing to pay big prices for them. American Exchange Bank is now 202 bid, National Bank of Commerce 263 bid and Continental National Bank 176 $\frac{1}{2}$  bid. These stocks are all firmly held.

St. Louis Transit and United Railway securities have been rather quiet, but steady. United Railways preferred is now 68 $\frac{1}{2}$  bid; the 4 per cent bonds are selling at 86 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and St. Louis Transit can be obtained at 19. Suburban stock advanced to 93.

Mining shares are a little higher, but neglected. Granite is hovering around 2.73, and American Nettie is 1.22 bid.

Bank clearances are very heavy. On Monday, this week, they footed up \$8,145,865. Sterling exchange is strong and higher, being quoted at 4.87 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Berlin at 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Paris at 5.15.

Society stationery, in all the new tints with monograms and crests, stamped free, at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club building, Locust and Seventh streets.

Caller: "I should like to see your mother, if she isn't engaged?" Flossie (aged five): "Engaged? Why, mamma's been married ever since I knew her."

### WEEK OF JANUARY 7.

Every Evening at 8.

Wednesday and Saturday Matinee at 2.

## CENTURY

THIS WEEK,  
David Belasco presents

**CHARLES E. EVANS.**

IN  
**Naughty Anthony**  
preceded by  
**Madame Butterfly**

NEXT SUNDAY

**The Girl from Maxim's**

Wednesday Matinee will be 25c and 50c

Regular matinee Saturday.

## OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

Evenings at a quarter to 8  
Only Mat. Saturday

**MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD**  
IN  
**HENRY V.**

NEXT MONDAY

**JAMES A. HERNE**

IN

**SAG HARBOR**

Wednesday and Saturday Matinee

## ODEON

Grand and Finney Avenues.

### Sunday Popular Concerts

and Recitals on the

### GREAT ORGAN,

Under the direction of ALFRED G. ROBYN Assisted by the best Local Talent.

**Every Sunday Afternoon at 3:30**

Entire change of programme at each concert. Admission to all parts of house, 25 cents.



# St. Louis Trust Co.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$3,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits from **2 to 4%**

THOS. H. WEST, President.  
HENRY C. HAARSTICK, Vice-Pres't.  
JOHN A. SCUDDER, 2d Vice-Pres't.  
JOHN D. FILLEY, Secretary.  
ALLEN T. WEST, Ass't Secretary.  
A. C. STEWART, Counsel.  
ISAAC H. ORR, Trust Officer.

Temporary Offices: N. E. Corner Fourth and Pine Streets.

## RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

ALSO.....  
FUTURES IN COTTON,  
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO., 307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

### Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Gaylord, Blessing & Co., stock and bond brokers, 307 Olive street.

#### CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	111 -113
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	111 -113
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	108 -104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 3 3/4	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102 -103
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	112 -113
" 3 3/4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 3 3/4	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" St. L. & N. 100	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104 -106
" 3 3/4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277  
Assessment \$352,521,650

#### ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104 -106
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

#### MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	- - 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mtg	1928	95 -99
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	107 -108
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	115 -115 1/2
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -115
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 -119
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s	1927	95 -96
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	100 1/2 -100 3/4
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	87 -90
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 -95
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -85

#### BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '00, 8 SA	201 -204
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	182 -187
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	174 -175
Fourth National	100	Nov. '00, 5 p.c. SA	210 -212
Franklin	100	Dec. '00, 4 SA	165 -175
German Savings	100	Jan. 1900, 6 SA	275 -285
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1900, 20 SA	750 -800
International	100	Dec. 1900 1 1/2 qy	130 -132
Jefferson	100	Jan. 00, 3 p.c SA	100 -110
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1900, 6 SA	400 -500
Mechanics	100	Jan. 1901, 2 qy	205 -212
Merch.-Laclede	100	Dec. 1902, 1 1/2 qy	159 -162
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1900, 4 SA	130 -150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Jan. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	265 -266
South Side	100	Nov 1900, 8 SA	119 -122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1900, 8 SA	135 -137
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8	90 -109
State National	100	Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy	161 -163
Third National	100	Jan. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	160 -161

\*Quoted 100 for par.

#### TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	Dec. '00, S.A. 3	156 -160
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '00, 2 1/2 qy	329 -232
St. Louis	100	Oct 00, 1 1/2 qy	261 -270
Union	100	Nov. '00, 1	259 -270
Mercantile	100	Oct '00 Mo 75c.	273 -277

#### STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 -103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 105 -107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 107 -108
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 117 -118 1/2
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117 -118 1/2
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98 -103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100 -
St. L. & R. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
do Baden-St. L. 5s		93 -95
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 105 -105 1/2
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115 1/2 -116 1/2
do Merimac Rv. 6s		1914 95 -96
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 104 -106
Southern 1st 6s	F. & A.	1909 106 -118
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1916 107 -108
U. D. 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 122 -128
Mound City 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 101 -103
United Ry's Pfd.	Jan. '00 1 1/2	69 -69 1/2
" 4 p.c. 50s	J & J	87 -88
St. Louis Transit.		19 -19 1/2

#### INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900 4 SA	43 1/2 -45

#### MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		6 -7
" Pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	35 -86
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	Jan. 1900 1 1/2	22 -23
" Pfd.	100	Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy	72 -73
Bell Telephone	100	July 1900 2 qy	138 -141
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	3 -4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1900, MO	126 -132
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 -11
Doe Run Min. Co	100	July, '97, 1	125 -135
Granite Bi-Metal	100	Mar. 1900, 3 1/2 MO	272 -275
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	May 1900, 1 qy	85 -90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	45 -49
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10	103 -107
Laclede Gas, com	100	Aug. 1900 SA 3 1/2	100 -104
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 2 SA	73 -74
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100	June '99 SA	98 -100
Mo. Edison com.	100		49 -50
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '00 1 1/2 qy	17 1/2 -18
Schultz Belting	100	July 00, qy 1 1/2	100 -105
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	167 -177
Simmons do pfd.	100	Sept. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	142 -151
Simmons do 2 pfd.	100	Sept. 1900	142 -151
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Oct. 1900 1 1/2 qy	14 -15
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	67 -68 1/2
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Jan., '99 3 p. c.	63 -64
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 4	30 -34
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec. '95, 2	2 -3
St. L. Transfer Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	64 -69
Union Dairy	100	Aug., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	July '00, qy	220 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	Sept 1900, 7 1/2	184 -186

## WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

### Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

ST. LOUIS.

#### SENATOR VEST'S LITTLE FABLE.

Senator Vest is not discussing for publication any of the various propositions advanced for the reorganization of the Democratic party, though it is known that the eminent Missourian has his own ideas as to what is needed. A story he told the other day probably illustrates his understanding of the cause of his party's demoralization and may point to his remedy. It was immediately after the final vote had been taken on the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. There was no harmony of action among the Democrats and their allies in the Senate on this convention. Some of them had voted outright with the Republicans. "Culberson," said Senator Vest to his bright young colleague from Texas, "the Democratic party at present is in the condition of old Parson Shaw's pack of fox hounds. When I was a boy in Kentucky the parson was the greatest fox hunter in the State. In his love of the chase and the aggravation of soul caused by the hounds, he sometimes forgot his piety.

"On the advice of a neighbor he once introduced a new strain into his pack of hounds—crossed the breed, as dog fanciers call it—in the hope of benefiting them. Instead of having the desired effect, crossing the breed only made Parson Shaw's hounds all the more trifling and good-for-nothing. For a year or more after the breed was crossed and the new stock was matured, the parson was unable to have any enjoyment at his favorite sport. Complainingly he explained the cause to his superserviceable neighbor. 'This new breed of hounds looks finer than the old breed,' said Parson Shaw to his neighbor, 'but their superiority is confined wholly to their looks. I have not been able to get any work out of the pack since I crossed them, on your advice. The reason is that the pups go at a Gilpin gait for about a hundred yards, when they strike the trail, and then sit down across it to recuperate the strength they exhaust in the tremendous noise they make, and the blankety blank old dogs, humiliated by the capers and noise of the pups, won't run at all. I have concluded to do no more fox hunting until, through nature's processes, the pack is bred back to the original breed.'

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THAT ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR:—Professor (returning home at night hears noise): "Is some one there?"

Burglar (under the bed): "No!"

Professor: "That's strange! I was positive some one was under my bed."—Tit-Bits.

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## A FIG FOR THE VICAR.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule  
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown  
bowl,  
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-  
jack,  
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack;  
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,  
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar!

there is no wild scramble or excitement. With them the process is gradual, thorough and steady, with never a waver or break. How much money this group of men have made it is impossible even to estimate. That it is a sum beside which the gain of the most daring speculator of the past was a mere bagatelle is putting the case mildly. And there is an utter absence of chance that is terrible to contemplate. This combination controls Wall Street almost lutly. Many of the strongest financial tutions are at their service in supplying mmodations when needed. With such er and facilities it is easily conceivable these men must make enormous sums ither side of the market.—Henry Clews, he Saturday Evening Post.

## THE THING FOR MEN.

ever a man of the sons of men can look the "dressing chest," advertised in this preceding issues of the MIRROR, by Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Company, out a grateful acknowledgment to the ern that here is, indeed, a thing a man t have. The ordinary dresser or bureau, ie ordinary man, is a chaos. Nothing be found when wanted, and when the g sought has been found, everything is in a state of topsy-turvyness or be-ering mix-up. This new Scarritt-Com- s contrivance is a neat thing, a useful g, a handy thing. You don't have to e into dark drawers for your collars, cuffs, ties, shirts, stockings, etc. You open the door and you have the whole outfit in one sweep of the eye. The apartments are arranged so that there is no confusion of parts of one's wardrobe. The affair, which you can judge best by looking at the picture in another column, is just what a man should have in his room, particularly a dressy man. Such a piece of furniture will induce orderliness in even a careless man. It is a piece of furniture that will ornament a man's room and it takes up the least possible space. The combination includes everything from a shoe-box to a shaving stand. It is something wholly new, and it has already made a hit with men who care for their appearance, the orderliness of their apartments and their comfort and peace of mind when preparing for the street, the theater or any social function. It is the thing for the man who "cares for himself."

## BOOKS

And Books, those miraculous memories of high thoughts and golden moods, those magical shells, tremulous with the secrets of the ocean of life, those love-letters that pass from hand to hand of a thousand lovers that never meet, those honeycombs of dreams, those orchards of knowledge, those still-beating hearts of the noble dead, those mysterious signals that beckon along the darksome pathways of the past, voices through which the myriad lisplings of the earth find perfect speech, oracles through which its mysteries call, like voices in moonlit woods, prisms of beauty, urns stored with all the sweets of all the summers of time, immortal nightingales that sing forever to the rose of life: Books, Bibles—ah me! what have ye become to-day!—Richard Le Gallienne.

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Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!  
Let the victors, when they come,  
When the forts of folly fall,  
Find thy body by the wall!

—Matthew Arnold.

## HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicean barks of yore,  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! In yon brilliant window niche,  
How statue-like I see thee stand,  
The agate-lamp within thy hand!  
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
Are Holy Land!

—Edgar Allan Poe.

## STANDARD OIL IN WALL STREET.

At his best, Jay Gould was always compelled to face the chance of failure. Commodore Vanderbilt, though he often had the Street in the palm of his hand, was frequently driven into a corner, where he had to do battle for his life; and so it was with every great speculator, or combination of speculators, until the men who control the Standard Oil took hold. With them, manipulation has ceased to be speculation. Their resources are so vast that they need only to concentrate on any given property in order to do with it what they please; and that they have thus concentrated on a considerable number of properties, outside of the stocks in which they were popularly supposed to be exclusively interested, is a fact well known to every one who has opportunities of getting beneath the surface. They are the greatest operators the world has ever seen, and the beauty of their method is the quietness and lack of ostentation with which they carry it on. There are no gallery plays, there are no scareheads in the newspapers,

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The wedding invitations, so much in use in the most exclusive social circles, because always correct in form, and of the finest material and engravings, are executed in the stationery factory of Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

HOME OF THE SWALLOW.—School Teacher: "What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?" Bobby: "I kin please." "Well, Bobby?" "The home of the swallow is the stummick."

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TEACHER: "Why did you stay away from school yesterday?" Mabel: "Please, Miss, muvver's sick." Cautious Teacher (anxiously) "What is the matter with her; what does the doctor say it is?" Mabel: "Please, Miss, he says it's a girl."

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MAIDENS FAIR, AND MATRONS BUXOM, we want your careful attention to this interesting page of interesting items of Household Furniture and Carpets, which we propose to sacrifice without fear, favor or mercy, in order to reduce our enormous stock now held in our own store and in our own Warehouse on Main Street. The reductions, however, now before you, speak out plainly and forcibly for themselves.

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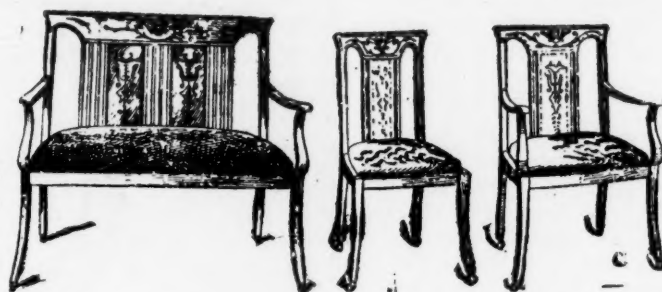
Dainty Toilet Tables in Golden Oak, Mahogany finish and Bird's eye Maple, were \$10.00; during this sale,

**\$6.75**

### Bedroom Suits,

In Quartered Golden Oak, Birch and Mahogany, all finely finished, and with French Plate Mirrors, were \$75.00; during this sale,

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3-Piece Parlor Suits, in Silk Damask, Tapestry or Velours, were \$25.00; during this sale,

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Solid Golden Oak, with Fluted Legs, were \$7.50; during this sale,

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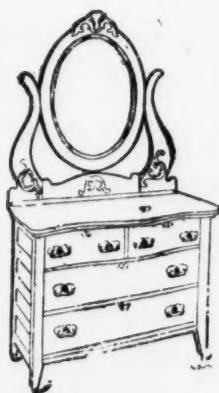
Combination Bookcase and Desk in Golden Oak, were \$12.50; during this sale,

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### Willow Rockers.

Large Size Comfort Rockers, all Shellacked, were \$6.00; during this sale,

**\$3.50**



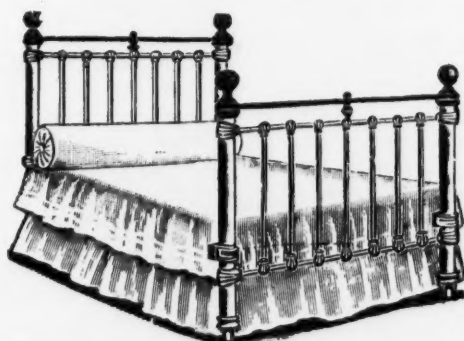
This Pretty Odd Dresser with French Oval Plate Mirror, was \$14.00; during this sale,

**\$10.00**

### Morris Chairs,

Oak or Mahogany finished frame, Tapestry covered Cushions; were \$7.50. During this Sale,

**\$5.50**



Malleable Iron White Enameled Beds, Brass Rails and Spindles Head and Foot, were \$6.75; during this sale,

**\$4.98**



### Couches,

Like cut, in best grade Pantasope leather, guaranteed to last as long as the genuine small tufts, rococo moulding, were \$30.00; during this sale,

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Combination Bed and Box Couch, covered in leatherette, a most useful piece of Furniture, was \$13.50; during this sale,

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Smith's best 10-Wove Tapestry Brussels Carpet, all nice patterns, were 85c a yard; During this Sale ..... **63c**

Smith's & Sanford's high-grade Wilton Velvet Carpet, all latest designs and colorings, were \$1.10 a yard; During this Sale ..... **85c**

Very Swell patterns, in high-grade Hartford Axminster Carpets in the most up-to-date color effects, were \$1.35 a yard; During this Sale ..... **\$1.00**



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## Rugs.

9x12 feet Tapestry Brussel Room Rugs, good patterns, were \$15.00; During this Sale ..... **\$11.50**

9x12 feet Wilton Velvet Carpet Room Rugs in very fine designs, were \$21.00; During this Sale ..... **\$14.75**

10-6x12 feet very handsome Axminster Carpet Room Rugs, choice selection were \$30.00; During this Sale ..... **\$21.00**

## BERNHARDT'S "HAMLET."

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

[Dona Sol will come to St. Louis, and will, presumably, play "Hamlet," as well as "L'Aiglon." Already, though the Frenchwoman's visit is timed for months in the future, Manager Short, of the Olympic, is being urged to reserve seats for her performances. The MIRROR has printed Charles Frederic Nirdlinger's criticism of Mme. Bernhardt's *Duc de Reichstadt*, in "L'Aiglon." It now reproduces the opinion of William Winter, dean of the American faculty of dramatic criticism, upon the Bernhardt *Hamlet*.]

Sarah Bernhardt's presentation of "Hamlet" can, with perfect propriety, be commended to the particular attention of persons who are interested in the study of freaks. The Melancholy Dane has, first and last, been rather roughly handled on the American stage, but a long remembrance of his sufferings does not recall a time when he was more completely and effectually crucified than he is in the French play and by the French actress. The translation of "Hamlet" presented by Mme. Bernhardt and her associates is in prose. It was made by Eugene Morand and Marcel Schwob, and it has been published, with a preface and notes, in a handsome volume, of 254 pages. The French prose is level, smooth and respectable, and it imparts about as clear a perception of Shakespeare's poetry as might be derived from listening to the whistle of the wind through a bung hole. It is not, perhaps, quite such a desecration as the Italian "Hamlet" that was inflicted on this country some years ago by Salvini, but, as remarked by *Mercutio*, "Twill serve." It consorts very well with Hayward's English prose translation of "Faust," and in that congenial category of sinful things it may be left.

In Mme. Bernhardt's presentment of *Hamlet* there are, of course, peculiarities of apparel, and there are a few paltry novelties of "business." The dress consists of a black silk tunic, embroidered with fur; black silk tights; a white ruff around the neck; a jeweled belt; a black cloak, so arranged as to depend from the left shoulder; a rapier, steel-hilted, in a black scabbard, with ornamental chain; a flaxen-haired wig—following the lead that was long ago set by E. L. Davenport and "bettered" by Charles Fechter (both of whom were wrong, since Danes are not necessarily blond persons, and *Hamlet* ought, for every reason, to be dark)—and the usual velvet footgear. The face is made up beardless and pale. The figure is padded, so as to make it look as much as possible like that of a man, but in this respect no illusion ensues—the actress looking exactly like what she is, a thin, elderly woman, somewhat disguised. The chief novelties of "business" are *Hamlet's* knocking of the heads of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* together, in the course of his talk with them; his kicking of the shins of *Polonius*, and his catching of a fly on the nose of that statesman; together with the transformation of the dead king's portrait into a ghost, in the closet scene, and the prince's procurement of the play-book of "The Murder of Gonzago" from the First Actor—who is made, conveniently, to carry his whole repertory in his belt.

There is also an electric light in the king's oratory; and there appears to be a silly intention on the part of *Hamlet* to use the long, golden hair of *Ophelia* as a sort of screen, through which, in the scene of "the mouse trap" play, he may observe the face of the king. At the climax of that scene *Hamlet* is made to thrust a lighted torch before the monarch's face—but this wonderful exploit

has long been stale. In the presence of the ghost Mme. Bernhardt's *Hamlet* is as valiant as a cable car; the "business," indeed, involves a kneeling posture, some time after the spirit has vanished, but this is a *Hamlet* who has seen whole graveyards full of specters, and to whom the haunted rampart of Elsinore is about as impressive as the Traitor's Gate was to Artemus Ward—who thought, as he gazed on it, that as many as twenty traitors might go in abreast. The counsel to the Players is spoken by *Hamlet* on the little stage where the play is presently to be acted. That "business" also is stale; for Sonnenthal, or some other one of the renowned Germans, had the little stage, and it was the custom of his *Hamlet* to deliver that discourse from the eminence of a step ladder. The weapon exchange between *Hamlet* and *Laertes* would seem tolerably fresh if Mr. Sothern, copying from Mme. Bernhardt, had not already introduced it in his recent trivial and finical presentment of this tragedy. At the climax of the duel, *Hamlet's* sword-hand shows a trace of blood, and the prince's face and person are made to reveal characteristic symptoms of the approach of death by poison; *Hamlet* dies standing, and his reeling body is caught by *Horatio*; and, subsequently, it is borne away—to the general relief—upon huge shields. Much of the "business" is tedious, and in all of it there is more pretension than simplicity. The English stage has nothing to learn from Sarah Bernhardt's *Hamlet*. The performance will, perhaps, profit, financially, by reason of public curiosity; but (to use one of the bard's own similes) there is no more poetry in it than there is of milk in a male tiger. Technical acuteness and executive efficiency are apparent in abundance; but actors who present *Hamlet* are expected—and not unreasonably—to reveal something more than the usual resources and histrionic experience and skill.

With reference to the character of *Hamlet*, a fact most essential to be considered—for the reason that it indicates all the other facts—is the fact that this prince, when first encountered, is found to have been contemplating suicide, out of temperamental propensity. His "prophetic soul" has warned him to beware of *Claudius*; but his "prophetic soul" has not revealed to him either his father's murder, his uncle's guilt, his "seeming virtuous" mother's sin, or the ominous contiguity of the dead king's ghost. He is the born victim of melancholia, the pre-ordained genius of sorrow. He typifies misery, and his misery is congenital and inherent. No circumstances are conceivable under which such a man could be happy. Whatever the conditions might be, he would react upon them and make them either gloomy or tragical. His very smile cast a shadow; his laughter is sadder than tears. A preternatural visitation, divulgent to him of the afflicting secret of a horrible and loathsome crime, shocks his already dejected and drifting mind, and thereafter his will is shattered, and anything like steadfast and continuous action—notwithstanding his feverish and incessant mental activity—become impossible. It may, indeed, be contended that *Hamlet*, in the last analysis of him, defies question and remains a mystery; that no skill of vivisection avails to define and designate him; but, on the other hand, it certainly is true that *Hamlet* is a man, not of action but of thought; a man overwhelmed and dazed with the immensity and preplexity of his spiritual surroundings; a man ravaged with grief, self-disgust, and disgust at humanity; a man who has survived love and become com-

pletely isolated; a man who continually resolves, and as continually reasons away every opportunity of executing his resolution; a man around whom, and somewhat because of whom, all things crumble into ruin, and who ends in total failure; and yet a man to be viewed with profound sympathy by all persons who are capable of thought.

"Now cracks a noble heart; good night, sweet Prince!  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

In the tragedy of "Hamlet," obviously, the dramatic values are secondary to the meaning of the central character and to the solemn purport of the poet's commentary upon life, death, and "the something after death." It must, accordingly, be treated not simply as drama but as poetry, philosophy, and spiritual truth. The emergence of a female as *Hamlet* has always had the effect of a futile experiment. Semi-masculine women, such as Miss Cushman, Miss Marriot, and Mrs. Waller could, and did, measurably, impart an impression of sincerity and weight; but they were never consistently impressive as *Hamlet*; and, indeed, of the twelve or fifteen women who have played the part in

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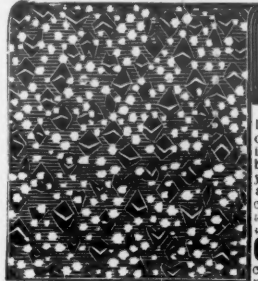


America no one has succeeded in it. The female *Hamlet* has always suggested either an epicene hybrid or a paltry frivolity. Women may sometimes succeed in the presentment of roguish boys and fluttering young cavaliers; the tradition of Peg Woffington as *Sir Harry Wildair* still survives and old playgoers still remember with delight the admirable grace and charming swagger of Mrs. John Wood as *Donna Hippolyta*; but the great and serious creations of dramatic poetry never have been, and they never can be, adequately impersonated by females. *Hamlet* requires great intellect, incipiently deranged, a glowing imagination, a deep heart, exquisite sensibility, and, over all, and permeating all, an essentially poetic temperament—grace and nobility and grandeur in ruins. Sarah Bernhardt, an eccentric superficial, volatile, ardent, capricious French-woman, not possessed of those attributes, and speaking a language into which it is absolutely impossible that Shakespeare's essential poetry and wonderful lingual felicity should be conveyed, no more resembles *Hamlet* than a wax figure resembles a living man. That she is an expert actress, and even a genius, the dramatic world has long since learned; but some things are beyond the reach of even the most expert and the most inspired of her sex. Mr. Coquelin himself—that accomplished and proficient comedian, who is entirely competent to represent a jocular French gravedigger—would prove inappropriate if he were to emerge as Shakespeare's *Ophelia*. *Hamlet*, without the sex, without the temperament, without the poetry, without the meaning, is not *Hamlet* at all—and that is the *Hamlet* of Mme. Bernhardt; dapper, shrill-voiced anaemic, vapid, and yet full of fussy and shrewish energy; a splenetic, loquacious stripling, now gloomily glowering, now chattering like a parrot, at all points fantastic and at no moment impressive. The killing of *Polonius* was completely insipid—whereas it is one of the most tremendously tragic points in the whole wide range of drama. There was no delirium, nor even a hint of mental shock, after the ghost scene. The madness was mere mimicry; and, like all other Continental players, in a foreign tongue, who have acted *Hamlet* here, Mme. Bernhardt's Prince was easily able to turn his back upon the Ghost and to pass through the most awful of all conceivable ordeals of mortal experience as jauntily as if he were going to breakfast.

Sarah Bernhardt has not only presented the person whom she supposes to be *Hamlet*, but has printed her views of the character; and, if her superficial and expeditious performance had left any doubt as to her inability to grasp the Shakespearean conception, her published statement would amply suffice to remove it. *Hamlet*, according to Mme. Bernhardt, is "manly and resolute," and, being "manly and resolute," the character is one eminently fit to be assumed by a woman. *Hamlet*, she declares, should not be overwhelmed upon meeting with his father's ghost, because he has come "expressly to see it;" that is to say, an experience completely outside of anything known as possible, an experience so awful that it unsettles the brain; an experience so incredible that the recipient's mind involuntarily rejects it, almost as soon as it has passed—"that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns"—is to be encountered with comparative equanimity and dominated with energetic resolution, merely because the prince has impulsively said that he will accost the

phantom if it assumes his father's person. *Hamlet* wildly declares that he will speak to the apparition, though hell itself, should bid him to be silent; therefore, says Mme. Bernhardt, he is "not a weak or languid person." *Hamlet* hysterically threatens his restraining friends in his first ghost scene, and insists on being permitted to follow the specter. Therefore he is "not a feeble man." *Hamlet*, in the scene of the King's Prayer, refrains from killing that monarch, "not because he is vacillating and weak, but because he is firm and logical," desiring to kill his enemy "in a state of sin, not of repentance; to send him to hell, not to heaven." That is to say, *Hamlet* is "manly and resolute," "a young, strong determined character," who "thinks before he acts," and who possesses "great strength and great power of mind," because at certain moments, he shows an evanescent capability of vehement speech and of delirious action, and because, in his obvious condition of partial derangement, he puts aside an opportunity of righteous vengeance, with the avowed purpose of presently committing the most horrible of crimes—the infernal crime of sending a soul into eternal hell. In other words, *Hamlet* is a sane, potent, expeditious individual, to whom a ghost is as incidental as an omelette, because he makes brave speeches and purposes to act like a moral monster. Nothing could be further from the truth. "Shakespeare, by his colossal genius," exclaims Bernhardt, "belongs to the universe, and a French, a German, or a Russian brain has the right to admire and to understand him." Most assuredly! But the right to understand does not always include the capacity. Mme. Bernhardt's ideal of *Hamlet* is radically and absolutely wrong, and her performance only serves to illustrate its error.

When this conspicuous French actress first tried to play *Hamlet* (May 20, 1900, in Paris,) a prodigious mental illumination befell the French capital. The performance lasted six hours. Many spectators were so delighted that they left the theater before it was over, in order to read the play. The survivors of those who remained to the last went home to breakfast completely enthralled and practically exhausted. Mr. Rostand—much interested in the Bard of Avon, from whose works he had "conveyed" the balcony scene for *Cyrano* and the mirror and specter scenes for *Reichstadt*—declared that he was now "able, for the first time, to comprehend Shakespeare's masterpiece." The tremendous Mr. Walter, "proprietor of the *London Times*," had a spasm, in the course of which he ejaculated the remark that, "having seen all the great tragedians for thirty years, he had only now seen *Hamlet* acted to perfection." Kittens of this kind were produced in large number. Two citizens—one of them a local bard, the other a silver-gilt dandy—went into the lobby to dispute about Shakespeare, and presently smote each other upon their respective conks, even unto the spilling of gore. All "fashionable Paris"—which, of course, has given its days and nights to the study of "Hamlet," and knows all about it—made the original and novel announcement that Mme. Bernhardt's portrayal of him was "a revelation." In particular it was noted that the French actress had kindly removed from *Hamlet's* character all predisposition to dream and drift, all lassitude of the will, and every trace of melancholy; and likewise that—"with one auspicious and one dropping eye," beholding feminine prettiness at one angle and romantic youth at the other—she



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